The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1914.

Summary of the News

The outstanding feature of the struggle in Mexico last week was the capture of Torreon by the rebels. Gen. Villa and his army entered the city on the night of April 2, after a battle which had lasted almost without interruption for six days. Gen. Velasco and the remains of the Federal army retreated to the South, pursued by Villa. The exact extent and effect of the rebel victory even now is difficult to gauge. If it was as complete as Villa and Carranza protest, it gives the Constitutionalists control over the whole of the states of Northern Mexico. On the other hand, Huerta has continued to issue denials of the rebel victory, and on Tuesday it was reported that Gen. Velasco had an army of 5,000 men with him when he evacuated Torreon, and was calculating on effecting a junction with 4,000 Federal troops who were dispatched as reinforcements from San Pedro de Las Colonias on Saturday. The two armies, it was said, would then combine in attempting the recapture of Torreon. Gen. Carranza's official explanation of the murder of Benton was made public on Monday. According to this explanation, Benton was not killed by Villa, but by a rebel major in whose charge he had been remanded as a prisoner, and the tale of the court-martial was a pure fabrication. The Mexican Congress, which had been adjourned since December 9, last year, reconvened on April 1. Gen. Huerta read a long and optimistic message, in which he alluded to "the strange attitude of a certain Power towards Mexico."

The Sims bill to repeal the exemption clause in the Panama Canal Tolls bill went to the Senate on April 1. It is impossible to prophesy when the bill will come to a vote, and a closely contested fight is expected. President Wilson, however, declares his confidence that the repeal will be passed.

Secretary Daniels issued an order on Monday, to become effective on July 1, prohibiting the use or introduction of alcoholic liquor upon any vessel of the navy or within the confines of any navy yard or shore station. Commanding officers are made personally responsible for the enforcement of the order, and its practical effect will be to impose total abstinence on officers of the navy.

The appointment of Major-Gen. Wotherspoon to be Chief of Staff of the Army, succeeding Major-Gen. Leonard Wood, whose term expires on April 21, was announced on April 1.

Congressman Oscar W. Underwood was nominated on Tuesday for the long-term United States Senatorship in the Alabama State primaries. As the nomination at the primaries is tantamount to election, Mr. Underwood will commence his term as United States Senator on March 4, 1915. Indications are that Mr. Underwood's place as leader of the Democratic party in the House will be taken by Representative Kitchin, of North Carolina.

Senator Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, announced on Monday that he should not seek reëlection to the United States Senate after the expiration of his term next March. Among the reasons that he gave for his decision was the possible embarrassment of his candidature to the Republican party in Ohio, on account of his support of the repeal of the free tolls provision in the Panama Canal Tolls act.

The selection of the twelve Federal reserve cities, in accordance with the terms of the Banking and Currency law, enacted last December, was announced on April 2. A list of the cities named and comment on the selection will be found in our editorial pages.

News came on April 1 of a disaster to the crew of the sealing ship Newfoundland. On March 31, 160 of her crew had been sent on the ice floes, in search of seals, and were prevented by a blizzard which lasted for forty-eight hours from reaching their ship again. Other ships in the neighborhood sent rescue parties on the floes as soon as the blizzard ceased, and took off the dead and the survivors. On Saturday the Bellaventure reached St. John's, N. F., bringing seventy-seven bodies and 112 survivors. Another sealing-ship, the Southern Cross, with a crew of 173, has also been missing since the blizzard, and hope that she may have survived has almost been abandoned. It is understood that the Newfoundland herself is safe.

Mr. Asquith's vigorous action in assuming charge of the War Office and offering himself for reëlection from his constituency of East Fife seems to have had a marked effect in restoring the prestige of the Government and the unity of the coalition. The suggestion of a federal system for the entire United Kingdom, outlined last week by Sir Edward Grey, has been on the whole received favorably, although it can, of course, offer no solution of the immediate problem of Irish Home Rule. On April 1 Mr. McKenna made a statement in the House of Commons showing that Gen. Paget was instructed only to find out from commanding officers in Ireland whether they were prepared to perform their duties, and that there was no intention that subordinate officers should be consulted. On the same day the appointment of Gen. Sir Charles Douglas as Chief of Staff, in succession to Field-Marshal Sir John French, was announced. On Monday the second reading of the Home Rule bill was passed for the third time in the House of Commons by a majority of eighty. In the course of the debate Mr. Bonar Law reiterated the Unionist request for a general election, guaranteeing that, if the Home Rule bill was approved by the country, the House of Lords would pass it without amendment.

The Parliamentary commission appointed after the murder of M. Calmette to investigate the circumstances attending the postponement of the trial of Henri Rochette issued its report on April 1. The commission holds that pressure brought to bear by M. Monis, who was Premier at the time, at the request of M. Caillaux, was responsible for the postponement of the trial, and, while acquitting both M. Monis and M. Caillaux of any charge of corruption, adds the comment that "their actions constitute a deplorable abuse of influence." The report was adopted in the Chamber on April 3, with a declaration of regret that finances as well as politics should be intermingled with the administration of justice.

The legislative programme announced last week by Signor Salandra, the new Italian Premier, was approved on Saturday in the Chamber of Deputies, notwithstanding the combined opposition of Socialists and Radicals, by a vote of 302 to 122. The Chamber then adjourned until May 6. Signor Salandra's programme includes the introduction of financial measures to meet the expenses of the recent war in Tripoli, and calls for a further amount of $40,000,000 necessitated by raising the peace footing of the Italian army to 275,000 men, in addition to colonial troops. Italy's foreign policy, the Premier announced, would remain unchanged.

Early in his reign, King William of Albania is faced with trouble in his kingdom. Greek irregulars last week attacked the town of Koritza, in Epirus, and there has been severe fighting. The official explanation given out from Athens is that the trouble is due to the "insurgent" Greeks of Epirus, who are revolting against the decision of the Powers to include Koritza in the Albanian kingdom. A levy has been ordered in Albania for the suppression of the revolt.

Viscount Kiyoura, who accepted the Japanese Premiership last week, has found the task of forming a Cabinet impossible. On account of the naval scandals which brought about the fall of the Yamamoto Ministry, disinclination was exhibited to accept the portfolio of Minister of Marine, and the question was complicated by the demand that the new Minister should be a sailor. Vice-Admiral Kato was offered the portfolio, but declined it. The Premier was also in difficulties on account of the failure of the last Ministry to pass the naval budget, and the consequent demand that he authorize the advance of credits for the construction of warships, relying on Parliament to endorse them later. The failure of Viscount Kiyoura has produced an acute crisis.

The deaths of the week include: Paul Heyse, Robert Hirschfeld, Commodore George L. Dyer, April 2; Susanna Ibsen, April 3; Frederick Weyerhaeuser, April 4; Thomas Ryan, April 5; Cy Warman, April 7.

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The Week

If President Wilson, in this matter of Panama tolls, has scuttled the Monroe Doctrine and sold out to a foreign Power, he is not the only contemporary American statesman of high rank who has laid himself open to the charge of high treason. Here, for instance, is a book by no less a personage than the President of the Argentine Republic, in which the Monroe Doctrine is described as absurd and capricious and sneered at as the "guttapercha Doctrine." The Argentine President is welcome, of course, to his opinion, but can we overlook the fact that about the time the book was probably written Col. Roosevelt was in Buenos Ayres openly lending aid and comfort to the idea that the Monroe Doctrine is not all that it is cracked up to be? When the degree of doctor of laws was conferred on Col. Roosevelt at Buenos Ayres last November, an ex-Foreign Minister of Argentina delivered an address, in the course of which he asserted that Argentina did not accept the protection of the Monroe Doctrine, and Col. Roosevelt in his reply admitted that Argentina did not need it. Doesn't that come pretty close to high treason, as Mr. Champ Clark sees it? And will Mr. Hearst, when he moves the impeachment of Mr. Wilson, include the Colonel as an accessory of some kind or other?

Friends of the President who are incensed by the cheap criticism to which he has been subjected in Congress are making a mistake in talking hastily about rules and procedures for safeguarding Mr. Wilson against insult. There are presiding officers in both Houses of Congress to keep debate within the bounds of decency. No set rule will prevent a Congressman who is driven by the irresistible impulse of his own nature to make an ass of himself, from satisfying that longing. Such exhibitions defeat themselves. Between the manly opposition of an Underwood and the wild-eyed accusations of a Knowland, the average citizen is quite able to draw the distinction. Irritating it may be for the President's friends, and possibly for Mr. Wilson himself, to have his personal motives aspersed by lurid orators, but they do little harm. Usually, such rough-and-tumble exhibitions deserve no notice. When a reply is called for, we feel sure that Mr. Wilson is fully able to supply it. We are not sure but that something worth while would have gone from our political life if the time-honored war-dance on the floor of Congress were to be suppressed.

A drop of eleven million dollars in the expenditure for war pensions is no small saving, and it might be supposed that it would be highly appreciated; and yet we fail to see any marked expression of satisfaction with it on the part of those who are in the habit of complaining of the swollen pension figures. But the reason is that, as the New York *World* puts it, "so far as Congress can prevent it, the country need expect little relief." The Spanish War list is getting ready to fill the gap made by the dying off of the Civil War veterans, so far as possible; the process of progressive loosening of the purse-strings in that direction has already begun. But the story of our war pensions is interesting nowadays as a "pointer" in a wider field. Some thirty-five years ago, when the Civil War pensions footed up about $30,000,000, Gen. Garfield stated that they might from that time forth be expected to go down; as a matter of fact, they have kept steadily swelling, almost without interruption, and have for years been at about five times the figure which Gen. Garfield thought was the apex from which there was bound to be a steady descent. Now, the question that naturally suggests itself is this: if the war veterans and their friends have been able to impose this sort of policy upon Congress, what would be the probable course of events under a general system of old-age pensions, in the magnifying of which a large part of the whole population would have a keen pecuniary interest?

Mr. Underwood's success in the Alabama Senatorial primary on Monday is to be hailed for more than personal or party reasons. It is a welcome sign of the times. It carries with it a certain reassurance in regard to the whole experiment of electing Senators directly by popular vote, to which this country is now committed. Of course, Senatorial primaries have for some time been the rule in most of the Southern States. There have been some notable contests, not all of which—as, for example, the one in which Vardaman triumphed in Mississippi—have given unmixed comfort to those who like to believe that the people never make mistakes. But no previous struggle of the sort has so filled and fixed the gaze of the nation as this one between Underwood and Hobson. If Hobson had won, every wordy and empty demagogue in the land would have thanked God and taken courage; while those who have been apprehensive lest the direct election of Senators degrade the Senate would have seen their worst fears verified.

And no one should think that Hobson's defeat was foregone. He has been making a dead set at the Senatorship for full two years. From his duties in the House he has almost constantly absented himself in order to nurse the Alabama voters. In campaigning he has been indefatigable, and was really a formidable opponent for Mr. Underwood to face. He had a large personal following, many qualities that take with the crowd, and a glittering programme. But Mr. Underwood never stooped to meet Hobson on his own ground. He went before the people simply for what he was—a Representative who had made a national reputation for himself as a steady and sagacious leader of his party in the House; not a showy man; not a clamorous speaker; but a man of tried character and solid qualities. And the people preferred him to his reckless and flighty opponent. It is a result heartening all round.

Those who would charge Congress with extravagance will have to look elsewhere than to the legislative, executive, and judicial appropriation bill just reported to the House. The sacred pension office is made a target for the economists: 175 employees are dropped, including 10 principal and 45 special examiners, and a reorganization of certain departments of the office recommended with a view to eliminating useless work. Other offices suffer a less drastic pruning, so that, even with a proposed addition of 77 employees to the new Washington post office and 22 to the Department of Labor, there is a net saving of 141 salaries. Republican attack upon a few positions created by the bill, such as four messengers for the Committee on Post Offices, is encouraged by the reappearance of the provision

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substituting actual travelling expenses for the historic twenty cents a mile, which Congressmen now enjoy. There is no telling what may happen to the bill in its course through the House, but what stands out is evidence of a new kind of care in preparing an appropriation bill, so that it shall be comprehensive and self-explanatory.

The number of Congressmen put into the same box of self-contradiction as Senator O'Gorman on the question of party platform integrity was greatly increased by the vote on Saturday on the "mileage grab." The proposal of the Committee on Appropriations to economize was defeated 2 to 1. What was more, the united parties added insult to injury, from the standpoint of those who hoped for retrenchment, by voting themselves an extra provision of $132,000 a year for secretarial salaries. Is it possible that a Congress which has grown so heated in discussion of the binding nature of a party pledge could forget the Republican pledge last June "to secure greater economy and increased efficiency in the conduct of Government business"; the Democratic demand for "a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a Democratic Government," and the Progressive promise of a "readjustment of the business methods of the national Government . . . which will increase the economy and efficiency of the Government service"? Many would have had party planks override every consideration of conscience. Yet the high question of conscience here pertained to the maintenance of the 20-cent mileage rate which dates from the outworn days of the stage-coach, and constitutes a virtual inequality in the salaries of near and distant members.

Comments on Mr. Rockefeller's gift of $1,000,000 for the war against animal disease have properly emphasized its humanitarian aspect, but on the economic side it is no less significant as the first great private contribution to such a work. Congress has of necessity paid annual attention to the subject, and it is only a few weeks since $500,000 was appropriated for the eradication of hog cholera, with lesser sums for other diseases. In view of the outcry over the decrease in food production, the figures of the Agricultural Department on the loss from animal diseases should interest students of the cost of living. They include items of $75,000,000 from hog cholera, $85,000,000 from Texas fever, tuberculosis, and contagious abortion in cattle; nearly $10,000,000 from diseases of sheep, and $8,750,000 from poultry disease; and reach a total of $212,850,000. The total loss is obviously not represented by these figures, inasmuch as the various epidemics have plainly discouraged farmers and stockmen from prosecuting so precarious a business. The fund should not merely help the administration of known specifics and preventives, but in the case of diseases not fully understood command a more expert and thoroughly scientific investigation than agricultural officials and the State universities can carry on.

A magnificent prospect is opened up to the vision of New Yorkers by the announcement of a plan for the erection in that city of a group of museums devoted to the various arts of peace. An Association for that purpose has been incorporated, and the list of the directors and incorporators includes a number of leading citizens. Their purpose appears to be twofold. One object is to furnish opportunities for direct acquaintance with the various developments of the industrial, commercial, and other useful arts, to those specifically interested in one or another of them. The other is to stimulate popular interest and enlightenment in all these fields and also to supply a great and attractive centre of public resort. From this last standpoint the idea that has been put forward, of grouping the buildings around one centre, "preferably around a stadium that will include a great enclosure for public meetings," is of the utmost interest. Over and above all the special benefits that might flow from the use of the particular museums, a score of dignified public buildings, grouped around a space of this kind, would exercise an immeasurable elevating influence on the civic spirit of the community. The scheme is an ambitious one, and we do not know what the probabilities are of the raising of the requisite funds; but it is one which, if properly carried out, would abundantly justify the cost, and which must make a peculiar appeal to those men of wealth who have also civic imagination and high public spirit.

Another theatrical manager has come out against indecent plays, and the whole mess of sexual sensationalism on the stage, against which, he declares, a reaction is already in full swing. This is merely confirmatory of other similar signs of the wholesome change of view. The thing was certain to provoke revolt, if only through sheer satiety. It is all very well, as a curiosity, to take a theatre-full of people on a trip through the sewers, but to ask them to stay there indefinitely! It is an experiment which has been tried over and over again, in literature and in the drama, but has always failed. The public appears to want many strange things for a time, but one thing which it will insist upon getting, in the end, is a breath of pure air. To look for an immediate reformation or elevation of the American stage would be foolish, but it is at least a satisfaction to know that we are in a fair way to get rid, as the Elizabethan stage did, of "foul and unwashed bawdry."

The women's clubs of Arkansas are to be called upon to take a leading part in obtaining, by means of the initiative, an advanced child-labor law for that State. The bill is based upon the uniform child-labor law which was drafted four years ago by the American Bar Association, and its adoption will, according to H. H. Jones, special agent of the National Child Labor Committee, put Arkansas "in high rank with the States in the Union having the best child-labor laws." If we may judge from the tone of an article on the subject in the *Arkansas Gazette*, the prospects of the legislation ought to be good. "The present child-law in Arkansas is nothing," says the writer of this article. "Every bit of vitality in it is destroyed by exemptions. For all practical purposes it is as bad as the laws in Carolina, Georgia, or Alabama, which are a disgrace to the nation." Nor is this by any means an unwonted expression; we are continually encountering just such language on the subject in the newspapers of the States that are backward in the matter of child-labor laws and their enforcement. The progress actually made in the past few years, and the signs of genuine awakening which forecast progress in the near future, are alike encouraging. Certainly no such condition exists as would justify a great extension

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of Federal power, of a sort full of the menace of indefinite extension in other directions, in order to cope with it.

A marked increase in Canadian crime during several years past rouses the Dominion press to comments, both puzzled and indignant. In 1912, out of every 100,000 Canadians, 208 were convicted of indictable offences; and the total convictions for all offences, indictable or petty, rose from 113,260 in 1911 to 146,527, an increase of 29 per cent. Yet it is denied that laws are more strict, while to the Montreal *Gazette* "it does not seem that the greater activity of the police can be given as a reason." It concludes that "the general result has to be ascribed to a falling away from rectitude by so considerable a part of the population that the standard is in danger of being lowered." The great increase in arrests for drunkenness, from 41,000 to 53,000, is to be noted both in itself and as helping explain the total of 15,567 found guilty of really serious offences. But the whole showing is not so damaging but that it is explicable by immigration and the ill-developed character of the country. The alien-born figure to an undue extent, as do the newly settled regions, east and west. "Many of the newcomers," the *Gazette* remarks, "come to do rough work in rough places, and under rough treatment develop rough ways. This is to be remembered, both for the sake of the foreigner and of the native-born." But to trace crime to rough conditions is only to push the problem one step back.

At the Ottawa Social Service Congress the other day appeared the founder of a system of rural credit societies which now numbers 120 organizations in Quebec and 19 in Ontario. They are, of course, coöperative, and, like the Raiffeisen and Schulze-Delitzsch credit unions of Europe, provide short-time loans on personal credit. Each branch "is an association of individuals who put their savings in a common fund, and who can borrow from that fund, with the approval of the officers, upon reliable securities, material and moral. The vote is by member, not by share; the area of operation must be small, a township or parish, so that the members are mutually known; and the capital must be withdrawable, for the individual cannot afford to immobilize his small savings." The parent society, typical of all, has assets of $270,000, of which $240,000 are on loan, and completely cares for the financial needs of its own community. Though it has made 6,650 loans in its fourteen years' history, it has not lost a cent. Despite beginnings in Wisconsin and the Northwest, America can show nothing like this; although, as the *Yale Review* has just remarked, the student cannot cease to wonder at our tardiness.

Though the Unionists in the House of Commons cheered on Monday when the majority on the second reading of the Home Rule bill fell to 80, it is evident that they were as men thankful for small mercies. The drop in the vote is explicable, and the coalition Government stands in virtually its full strength. And it is plain, too, that the events of the past few days, with the steady march of the Home Rule bill towards the statute book, have taken a good deal of hope and fight out of the Conservatives. Their speeches on Monday—even that of Sir Edward Carson—were much less bellicose. Bonar Law went so far as to say that he should be glad to reopen negotiations with Mr. Asquith for a settlement of the Irish question by consent. All this is in a very different tone from the one held by the Unionists two weeks ago. Then they were triumphantly talking of having wrecked the Home Rule bill and the Government at one stroke. The Tory *Morning Post* was so indiscreet as to say: "The Army has killed the Home Rule bill." It was Mr. Asquith's prompt meeting of that issue, together with the signs of immense popular revolt against the assumption of the Unionists that the Army was their private property, which brought about the revulsion of feeling and the present dispirited condition of the Conservative party.

The French general elections which take place next month can hardly fail to be affected by the disclosures attendant upon the murder of the editor of *Figaro*. Thus we have the report of the parliamentary commission which has been investigating the question of Ministerial responsibility for the delay of justice in the Rochette case. The report asserts that M. Monis, head of the Cabinet at the time the case against Rochette was prosecuted, was mainly responsible for the suspension of proceedings against the notorious swindler. M. Monis is supposed to have acted under pressure from M. Caillaux, making two former Prime Ministers under suspicion, and a third ex-Prime Minister, Briand, is now censured for his reluctance to further justice in an earlier investigation of the Rochette affair. The most that the investigating commission can say in defence of these statesmen is that their intervention did not bring about an absolute quashing of the case against Rochette; but inasmuch as the latter is now a fugitive, this is small consolation. "A deplorable abuse of influence"—in these terms the report characterizes the action of the Ministers involved. What the motives were, the country is left to decide for itself. In next month's elections these motives are pretty sure to be brought to the fore by anti-Governmental candidates.

Within South Africa there is intense resentment at the high-handed measures of the Government during the recent strike, culminating in the deportation of the labor leaders. Anti-Government sentiment in the Transvaal spoke out during the recent elections of members of the Provincial Council, when the Labor party swept the Rand by extraordinary majorities. Out of twenty-five seats in the Johannesburg and Pretoria districts the Laborites carried twenty-three, thus obtaining an absolute majority in the Provincial Council with control of the provincial executive. Under the Commonwealth Constitution the local legislatures in the former colonies have been abolished, but the Provincial Councils set up in their place exercise considerable powers in the field of local finance, education, agriculture, municipal government, and public works. Thus the Labor party in the Transvaal is now in a position to retaliate upon the Federal Ministry and the rural population, whose intervention in behalf of the Government brought about the speedy collapse of the railway strike. Should the Transvaal Government come into sharp conflict with the Commonwealth authorities, the abolition of the Provincial Councils, already discussed, may become a live issue.

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THE FEDERAL RESERVE DISTRICTS

When Congress, in enacting the new Banking and Currency law last September, provided that "as soon as practicable, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Controller of the Currency, acting as the Reserve Bank Organization Committee, shall designate not less than eight nor more than twelve cities to be known as Federal reserve cities"—each to contain the regional central bank for its own allotted district—it was recognized that probabilities favored selection of the larger number. When the bill was first discussed, an even more numerous body of independent institutions of the sort was contemplated. The House bill, as proposed and passed, named twelve. The Democratic report of the Senate Banking Committee cut the number down to eight; the Republican report to four; but as the bill passed the Senate, it provided for a maximum of twelve and a minimum of eight, and in that form passed the Conference Committee.

The plan for the more numerous districts seemed to be favored, mainly on the ground that predominance of any single district would thereby be avoided. The rather obvious fallacy in this argument lay in the fact that the smaller the average area and banking resources of the districts as a whole, the greater would inevitably be the predominance of such districts as included in their territory the great business cities. This has apparently been felt by the organization committee, and has led to some arbitrary division of territory on lines hardly warranted by actual financial and commercial affiliations. This will inevitably subject their arrangements to much criticism.

The twelve reserve cities, announced last week by the organization committee, are Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Richmond, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas (Texas), and San Francisco. The committee say that their choice was based on the ability of banks in a given district to subscribe the necessary capital for their regional central bank; on the "mercantile, industrial, and financial connections existing in each district"; on the probable usefulness of a regional bank to serve such district; on the "fair and equitable division" of the banking capital available in the several districts; on their "general geographical situation," and on the "population, area, and prevalent business activities of the district." To such a programme there can be little theoretical objection. The danger was that the various purposes thus assigned might be found to be mutually incompatible, and this difficulty, it seems to us, the organization board has failed rather signally to avert.

The selection of Richmond, for example, as a reserve bank centre, is difficult to explain on any of the grounds of selection set forth by the organizers; in order to make sure of the requisite banking resources, it has been necessary to include in its district such parts of the adjacent territory as Maryland and South Carolina, which will scarcely be described as normally in the Virginian capital's sphere of influence. The designation of Cleveland as the financial centre of Ohio, western Pennsylvania, and eastern Kentucky is perplexing in view of the commercial affiliations of Cincinnati. There were forcible arguments in behalf of regional banks at Boston and Philadelphia, and it was generally expected that the district to be served by the New York Federal reserve bank would not include all of what is now this city's actual field of commercial affiliations, since that would have given a quite overshadowing power of banking resources to the district. But that cities so intimately bound up with New York banking connections as Jersey City and Newark should have been placed in another district certainly does not conform to the committee's rule for recognition of "mercantile, industrial, and financial connections existing in each district and the relations between the various portions of the district and the city selected for the location of the Federal reserve bank." There may be good reason why Dallas, Texas, was selected in place of Galveston or New Orleans as the banking centre of the Southwestern cotton belt, but it is difficult to discover it at a glance.

We shall await some more definite explanation by the committee of these particular policies; merely expressing, for the present, our regret that the selections should not have been such as to bring out the cordial approval of the business community as the best that could have been done, under the assumption that twelve districts were to be the basis of the system. Meantime, it should always be remembered that, even when an arrangement of this sort is not what practical experience would have suggested, it does not follow that it will threaten the usefulness of the system itself. That the machinery for rediscount will not work as effectively under the proposed plan of districts as might have been expected if the natural business affiliations of all the cities of the United States had been considered, cannot well be doubted. There will nevertheless remain the fact that the banks and the banking resources of each district will still be combined for cooperation and mutual protection. So long as this end is cordially and disinterestedly pursued by all banks of a district, the regional bank should be able to do its service, irrespective of location. Nor, on the other hand, must it be forgotten that the new banking system, while it supplements the existing relations of banks in one city or section with the business of another, does not either abolish or supersede those relations.

COASTWISE-TRAFFIC INSINCERITIES.

Opponents of the repeal of the tolls-exemption clause of the Panama act have several arrows in their quiver. Their main argument is simplicity itself. The Canal is American and Americans can do with it whatever they please. If you don't agree to that you are a traitor. Thus the eminent Bourke Cockran asserted in Boston the other night that President Wilson had "approached the domain of treason." If you timidly ask these shouting patriots about the agreement we made in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, they will tell you, first, that they have their own interpretation of that, and that, anyhow, it was a bad bargain and is therefore "voidable." Besides, the treaty does not apply to American coastwise vessels. This is their main tower of strength, in which they make their stand when driven from other positions. And they have two chief contentions—they are presented so clamorously that it is hard to call them arguments.

The first is that the exemption of coastwise traffic from tolls at Panama was designed to be a blow at the railways, and that, consequently, anybody who seeks to repeal it must be in the

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pay of the railways. Dire pictures are drawn of the transcontinental roads, with oppressive freight charges, seeing the threat of a formidable competition from free ships via the Canal, and plotting to undo the work of Congress. So the cry is that every dollar you compel coastwise vessels to pay in tolls is, in effect, handed over to the railways. Apparently, none of these excited gentlemen stop to ask who owns the coastwise vessels. What will they say when informed that most of these ships are owned and operated by railways? The facts are of record. A report recently made by Congressman Alexander, Chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, said that 94 per cent. of all our coastwise shipping, on the Atlantic and in the Gulf, is owned by railways or by combinations in alliance with railways. How it is on the Pacific, we do not know, but everybody knows that the Southern Pacific has a fleet there. And other striking evidence was brought forward in the debate last week. Under the Panama act, railways owning ships are required to make a return to the Interstate Commerce Commission showing what boats they have and whether these compete with their transportation on land. Congressman Sims obtained the whole docket and had it printed in the *Congressional Record*. The exhibit was such as to warrant him in asserting that the chief "beneficiaries" of the coastwise traffic exemption would be "largely the railroads on both coasts." The other side did not challenge these figures. So much for the outcry about President Wilson and all who favor repeal being secretly in the pay of the railways!

In addition to this clap-trap, those opposed to repeal have one argument, as bearing on coastwise traffic, of really serious tenor. It consists of the statement that Great Britain has yielded the point. Senator O'Gorman has several times referred to the fact that the British Embassy at Washington admitted to the Department of State that the exemption of our coastwise traffic from tolls would not be a violation of the treaty. Let us ask what the facts are. It is true that in the British protest made in 1912 it was stated that there might not be objection to exempting coastwise traffic, provided—and this was the point—that it was bona-fide. Now, the slightest examination of what it is proposed to do, and what would infallibly be done, under the tolls-exemption clause, shows that the coastwise traffic would be converted into what is, for all intents and purposes, foreign traffic. President Wilson's antagonists concede that we have not the right, under the treaty, to exempt our ships engaged in foreign commerce. Yet they are ready to exempt nominally coastwise vessels that would actually be engaged in foreign commerce.

How this would be is shown in the April *North American Review* by the chief expert on Canal transportation, Prof. Emory R. Johnson. He sets forth the case with great directness and concreteness. Our coastwise ships would take from New York to San Francisco goods destined for the Oriental market. They would pay no tolls at Panama. A ship bringing similar goods from Liverpool or Bremen or Havre, with a similar destination, would have to pay tolls. Is this not a plain case of that "discrimination" which the nation solemnly bound itself never to permit? The reverse sailing is just as significant. Vessels from Seattle, laden with goods brought from the Orient, could carry to New York free of tolls goods brought from the Orient, though ships carrying such goods direct from the Orient or Australia would have to pay for transit through the Canal. The discrimination is glaring, and serves to show what the British note meant when it spoke of "bona-fide" coastwise traffic. Professor Johnson proves that much of ours through the Canal would not be of this character. His general conclusion is:

> The coastwise tolls-exemption clause of the Panama Canal act grants an unjustifiable subsidy. The taxpayers of the country who have paid for the Panama Canal are entitled to receive reasonable tolls from the individuals and corporations who use the canal and derive profit therefrom. When the general public clearly understands what is involved in exempting the owners and charterers of coastwise ships from toll payments, it seems certain that the Canal act of August 24, 1912, must be amended by striking out the tolls-exemption clause.

There is, happily, evidence that the general understanding of which Professor Johnson speaks is being brought to bear upon the controversy. Washington dispatches report a marked rallying of public opinion in support of the position which the President has taken.

MR. ASQUITH.

The rapidly shifting events of the past two weeks in England have thrust Mr. Asquith to the front of the stage. He has shown a somewhat unexpected ability to cope with an appalling political crisis, displaying both adroitness and high courage. It was with a good sense for the dramatic, too, as well as with great boldness, that he announced his decision to grasp the nettle firmly. There had been vacillation and weakness in the administration of the War Office. He would take it over himself. But as this step required him, under the statute of Anne, having accepted an office of profit under the Crown, to seek reëlection to Parliament, he would absent himself until his constituents in Fife had passed upon his conduct. The Prime Minister would not take advantage, as Mr. Gladstone did in 1873, of the legal doubt whether he was compelled to resign. He would make a clean job of it. Not one taunt would he leave within the reach of his opponents. Cutting through the Cabinet difficulty with one masterly stroke, Mr. Asquith walked out of the House amid the frantic applause of his own party and the visible consternation of the other. It was a crowded hour of glorious life for him. He seemed to have risen to a more heroic stature than ever before in his career.

Whether this be drawing to a close or not, Mr. Asquith is to-day not only officially, but by actual political power, the most influential man in England. It is a position to which he has risen slowly. His talents have never been of the showy kind. Nor is his an emotional nature. He has been thought a cold man, if not a trifle selfish; a formidable debater, a very instrument of precision in logic, but not a statesman of popular qualities. Sometimes, however, your slow and cool man breaks out in a kind of volcanic passion and glow. Mr. Asquith has done something of the kind more than once before. His opponents have found out that there was such a thing as goading the reserved and patient man too far. But never until he rose to meet the present crisis had Mr. Asquith flamed before the country as a man in whom parliamentary skill was united with daring resolution.

His earliest successes were won at the bar. After taking a first-class at

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Oxford, he applied himself to the law, and rapidly rose to eminence. Before he was forty, he was associated with Sir Charles Russell in defence of Mr. Parnell. This recalls the opinion of him which Parnell expressed to Barry O'Brien in 1891. They were discussing various English statesmen as possible successors to Gladstone, with particular reference to Home Rule. The following dialogue took place:

> I said: "Well, there is Asquith. He is a coming man. Some people say he may be the Liberal leader of the future."
>
> Parnell: "Yes, Mr. Asquith is a coming man, a very clever man; but [looking me straight in the face] do you think Mr. Asquith is very keen about Home Rule? Do you think that he will risk anything for Home Rule? Mr. Asquith won't trouble about Home Rule, take my word for that."

This may sound laughable, in view of the length to which Mr. Asquith has since gone in behalf of Ireland, but there was some truth in Parnell's judgment of him. He was not heart-whole with Mr. Gladstone on Home Rule. Similarly, during the Boer War, he was not willing to follow the Liberal leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It was this detached and somewhat fastidious air which the Irish leader accurately noted in the Asquith of those days, and which made it seem impossible that he could long maintain himself at the head of the Liberal party, after Bannerman's death. But Mr. Asquith has now been Prime Minister for six years. There have been many grumblings against his leadership, but no one has risen within the party to contest it. To have held together a coalition Government so long is no mean feat. And while Mr. Asquith has not been a man to stir up excitement unnecessarily, and prefers to go along with the humdrum work of government unemotionally, he has shown a latent capacity to rise high at critical hours. He did so when the Lords threw out the budget, and also in the stress of passing the Parliament Act to clip the veto power of the House of Lords, meeting defiance with cool demonstration, and opposing to threats the firm exercise of constitutional power. If it be said that he rose on the monumental blunders and follies of the Conservatives, the reply is that to seize the skirts of circumstance in that way is the mark of genius in politics as well as in war.

One of Mr. Asquith's titles to distinction is that, in an age of verbosity, he is sparing of speech. He is a master of lucid condensation. He seldom speaks over half an hour. Recently he made a speech on the land question, of which Lloyd George said that the Prime Minister had said more in three-quarters of an hour than he himself had been able to say in three speeches of two hours each. But it is with grim realities that Mr. Asquith now has to deal. It is a singular coincidence that in his case the circle has swung full, inasmuch as his first notable act as a member of the Cabinet, when Home Secretary under Mr. Gladstone in 1892, was to order the troops to fire on riotous strikers. This was said at the time, so opposed was it to English ideas of the use of the army, to make it impossible that he should ever be Prime Minister. Now that he is, and is confronted with disaffection in the army, as well as open defiance of the law in Ulster, it is to be expected that he will stand firmly for the supremacy of the civil power over the military, as well as for the use of all the resources of the Government in putting down disorder.

THE NAVY AND DRINKING.

If it were possible to add to Secretary Daniels's unpopularity in the navy, his amendment of the regulations so as to prohibit the use or introduction of alcoholic liquors upon any naval vessel or reservation would do the work. But in this instance the unpopularity would not be deserved, in our opinion. Mr. Daniels's action is taken on the advice of the Surgeon-General; more than that, we have never been able to see why, if it is proper to forbid the use of intoxicants by the enlisted men of the service, the officers, supposed to be their exemplars, should be a privileged class. It is far more important from the point of view of navigating battleships that the officers should be sober than the men; and if railways and other large corporations are justified in dismissing men responsible for other people's lives because they use liquor, even though they do not abuse it, the Government certainly has the right to insist that its officers shall be abstainers when serving on ships or at navy yards. Elsewhere they may, of course, do as they please, provided they do not disgrace themselves and cause scandal.

How far we have progressed from the earliest days of our own navy, and the period of which Marryat wrote, a casual retrospect will show. Once it was deemed absolutely essential for the British or American naval officer to become drunk, and this he was encouraged to do, provided he got drunk in a "genteel" manner. As late as the fifties—indeed, down to the Civil War—grog was not only served to all the sailors, but all hands were expected to get drunk whenever shore leave was granted. In foreign ports, in the early part of the last century, immorality was also encouraged by the custom of the service; gradually, however, dissolute women were banished from our ships, and when, on September 1, 1862, the spirit ration was discontinued by Secretary Welles, there was little complaint, particularly as the navy was then at war. Many a promising naval officer's career was ruined by his turning to drink when on lonely stations. The late Commodore George H. Perkins made a three-year cruise to the West Coast of Africa, which ended with the outbreak of the Rebellion. Of his three commanding officers, one died of delirium tremens, and one was court-martialled for being drunk all the time and sent home in disgrace. Rear-Admiral Franklin thus told in his memoirs of taking a ship to sea in 1860:

> The crew was hustled on board, and we were obliged to take care of them as best we could. Of course, Jackie was drunk—he always gets drunk on such occasions, or, I should rather say, he did in those days—and as we had no organization whatever, Lieut. Somerville Nicholson and I were obliged to organize ourselves into a police force. We were compelled to rush in amongst a crowd of drunken sailors and drag out until we succeeded finally in restoring order.

It is impossible to conceive of a ship's putting to sea nowadays with so much as a fraction of her crew in this condition. Yet such designation was not confined to the sailors. On receiving a startling bill from a contractor for one of his monitors when the Civil War was half over, John Ericsson's secretary made the following inquiry:

> Capt Ericsson directs me to ask you to inform him if, of your own knowledge, 156 bottles of spirituous liquors were consumed by the guests invited to be present during said trial trip. If the above quantity of liquor was really consumed, the occasion looks more like a bacchanalian feast than a trial trip of a small gunboat. Capt. Ericsson desires to be informed if the trial of the vessel

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was really made the occasion of such a disgraceful feast before settling the bill.

Even when it was the custom to use liquors to excess, there were always some officers who attempted with more or less zeal to set an example of temperance. The late Rear-Admiral Ammen was fond of humorously describing the downfall of a temperance society on board the Vandalia in 1838, which finally succumbed to the temptations of bread pudding and whiskey sauce. But there were fine officers, like Commodore Matthew C. Perry, who did achieve some success. Thanks largely to him, the serving of the spirit ration to minors was abolished August 29, 1842. He hated the flogging of the men —a custom the navy gave up as reluctantly as the wine messes of to-day will surrender to Secretary Daniels—because he found that in nearly every case it was due originally to the abuse of liquor by the poor wretch who was flogged. Because of his personal influence, many of the sailors and officers of the Concord voluntarily gave up the grog ration when he commanded her in the Mediterranean in 1832.

In the navy to-day, it will, we think, hardly be alleged that there is much intemperance. Dismissals for intoxication do occur, one such is impending now—not only for personal misconduct, but for serving intoxicants to enlisted men as well; yet there is widespread belief that the reins of discipline could well be tighter in this respect. The trouble is that the navy officers are expected to entertain freely, wherever they may be, particularly if in company with foreign men-of-war. It may hereafter be embarrassing to our officers when entertaining those of other services to be able to offer no wine. To our minds, this is far less vital than the removal from our young officers of the temptation to excess. Moreover, foreigners, when they are told that the absence of wine is due to a governmental order, will not only understand, but will respect a nation that can take so bold a stand. If the German Emperor can deny himself all spirits and encourage his officers to abstain totally in a beer-drinking country like his, our Government can take the position it has. Twenty years hence, if upheld by succeeding Secretaries, the wineless man-of-war will seem as much a matter of course as does the man-of-war without grog and the cat-o'-nine-tails.

THE YACHTING OUTLOOK.

The launching on Thursday of last week of Mr. Robert E. Tod's racing schooner, Katoura, is soon to be followed by that of the three America's Cup defenders—and we shall then be at the beginning of what bids fair to be a memorable yacht-racing season. There are to be no less than twenty-five races between the defenders, exclusive of those in connection with the New York Yacht Club's cruise, the first races taking place on June 2, 3, and 4, while the actual trials will occur in the middle of August. This will make royal sport in itself, aside from the international contests, for not since 1893 have there been as many as three designers represented in the trials. Mr. Gardner, who has planned Vanitie—a charming name for what should be a powerful boat—and Mr. Herreshoff, with his Resolute, are to measure their known powers against a newcomer in the field of large boats—Mr. George Owen, whose Defiance is his first big craft. Mr. Gardner's success with Atlantic, the champion ocean-racing schooner, and with such sloops as Medora, Gardenia, and smaller boats like Windward and Irondequoit, makes him a natural competitor of Mr. Herreshoff. The phenomenal achievements of two small boats from Mr. Owen's board would seem to prophesy a fine racer in Defiance.

In one respect, Mr. Herreshoff will be at a disadvantage this year. Charles Barr will not be at the helm of his boat. Indeed, there are those who believe that it was owing to Barr's rare skill alone that the older Columbia defeated the Constitution for the honor of meeting Lipton's boat in 1901. This year an amateur, Charles Francis Adams, 2d, whose yachting standing is of the highest, will sail the Herreshoff boat, with Barr's veteran mate, Christiansen, at his elbow. Mr. Cochran has selected a skilled American schooner-sailor, Dennie, to handle Vanitie, with Harry Haff as his assistant; and the captain of Defiance is also an experienced American, William Howell. The old charge that America has to import a Scotchman to retain the Cup will not hold if a Yankee boat goes to the front this year. But what is still more significant is that these new racers are, unlike their predecessors, something else than racing machines. Owing to the so-called uniform rule under which all racing boats of the Eastern seaboard have been constructed since 1905, they will be substantial craft, capable of being raced at comparatively small expense long after this coming season is over. It is true, of course, that their crews will not live on board of them; that they must have tenders to act as houseboats for the men, and that they are without bulkheads, doors, galley-fittings, or water-tanks. None the less, as compared with the Reliance and Independence type of craft, they are to be a remarkably sane and wholesome trio.

This is what makes the promise of the coming season so great for the whole sport. Everybody knows that the Columbia, Reliance, and Constitution were responsible for a multitude of freakish small vessels, from catboats up. A whole generation of yachtsmen sailed round in craft of a kind to make a real sailorman weep. It was only gradually that there was a recovery from this in the direction of solidly and soundly built boats that could be caught out and stay out in half a gale and survive without giving their crews heart disease. Last year there was a notable reaction from the auxiliary type towards purely sail-driven boats—there were actually more new sailing boats under construction twelve months ago than to-day. This tendency will be still further stimulated by the big racers of 1914, for the uniform rule favors displacement while penalizing excessive sail area, which means better boats and better sailors. In other words, this year's defenders have sharp ends and deeper and fuller under-water bodies, as opposed to freakish fin keels and long overhangs. It is a healthy development for which the true yachtsman is devoutly thankful.

Aside from the defenders, there should be good sport if there are to be brushes between Atlantic and the new Katoura. The indefatigable Mr. Cochran, not content with Vanitie and a steam yacht, is also building a three-masted schooner, which suggests an ocean race for this class before long. That the regular Sound regattas will be even more crowded than last year is obvious, while the proposed revival of the Mackinac race indicates that the Lake yachtsmen will not be behind their Eastern friends in

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making this a memorable year. What better proof could there be than all this, that, however useful the internal-combustion engine, the real "windjammer" is with us to stay? Or that there are regular cycles of enthusiasm for wind-driven boats, with almost fixed periods of waning and waxing?

In the motor-boat world, also, it is interesting to note, there is a reaction against mere speed machines and an increase in popularity of stanch craft. Here, too, the desire is for a reliable and safe cruiser, one that does not roll itself almost over whenever there is a little sea, and compel the skipper to run for port at the beginning of a real storm.

SPRING GOLF PHILOSOPHY.

Golfers are well known to be among the most incurable philosophers, whether of the laughing or the weeping genus depends upon temperament—or the way the game has gone that day. Jaundiced critics, to be sure, allege that the endless golf discussions which go on in the clubhouse, and which make some enthusiasts a terror to their families and friends, are merely the drivel of vacant minds. But this is to do wrong to a deserving if not always appreciated class of men. They will tell you sincerely that they value golf almost less as a pleasure and beneficial recreation, than as a tonic to the moral nature and a stimulus to the reasoning faculties. No need to ask the inveterate golfer, "Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?" He is full of it. No event of the round, no mischance, no lucky accident, no dazzling success or overwhelming failure, but he can extract from it the sweet milk of philosophy. In doing what he wants he will see deep meaning; but a significance even more profound will he detect in not being able to do it.

This is what most strikes one about what may be called the spring philosophy of golf. In this latitude, the great majority of golfers are compelled to give up their game during two or three months of winter. A few struggle dauntlessly over the bleak links, but even they have had to put their clubs away, hereabouts, since the middle of February. A foot of snow and no greens made the attempt to play mere bravado. But does anybody imagine that this period of enforced rest makes the true golfing mind less active? Quite otherwise; it has furnished a new topic for debate. Is such a rest good for your game? High debate on this question has been held wherever golfers most do congregate. Abstract theory, experience, the inner consciousness, all have been searched in order to discover weighty reasons for and against.

There are two great schools of thought on this important matter. One holds that it is an excellent thing to give up golf for three months in the year. Then you emerge in the spring with fresh zest and briskness. The game will never have seemed so enjoyable. With eye glued to the ball and muscles working easily, you play better than ever, and come to understand for the first time what the political economists mean by "the reward of abstinence." Thinkers of this school urge the powerful argument from nature. She comes out all the brighter and more inspiring after the winter rest; why not the golfer? Moreover, there are wise saws and modern instances to be cited. Some fine players make a point of resting on their clubs, so to speak, even when they are not compelled to by winter and bad weather. In England, one can usually play the entire year through, if so minded. Yet the two men who have most often won the amateur championship, Mr. John Ball and Mr. Harold Hilton, seldom play in the winter. If they find that they come out in the spring fit and eager for the fray, why should not Topper and Slicer do the same?

The rival school of severe golf philosophers will tell you why. In the first place, the game is an exacting mistress, really demanding all of your time. When you cannot hope to reach your ideal of play without giving undivided attention, week in and week out, to every one of its minute details, why keep up the miserable pretence that a period of hibernation will do you good? As a matter of fact, you know what happens to you in the first few rounds of spring. You are either muscle-bound or flabby as a rag. You can't keep your head down to save your life. All the faults which you had toiled painfully through the summer to eradicate come rushing back, with a lot of new ones in their train, to make your game one to fill even your caddie with despair. The truth is, according to the doctrine of this school of philosophy, that golf demands as many laborious days as can possibly be applied to it. Every one lost is as hopelessly gone as the snowflake in the burn. Of course, the deprivation must be borne with as manful a spirit as may be summoned to meet this or any other calamity in life, but, for goodness sake, do not try to make people believe that you like it, or that it can possibly do you any good. Thus do these golf philosophers refuse to distil out the soul of goodness in those things evil, the three months of enforced absence from the links.

With the doctors of the game thus disagreeing, it would be rash for a mere writer to attempt to decide. If the whole dispute is left in the twilight zone, no great harm will be done; for then the golfing ratiocinators will only discuss it the longer, in wandering mazes lost. And it is certain that, whatever their premises, and whatever their reasoning, they will make the praise and glory of golf come out in the conclusion. We note only one point. The controversy seems to be largely between the Intuitionists and the Pragmatists. But it will be observed that Mr. Rockefeller, our greatest Pragmatist in golf as in some other things, promptly left the snow-submerged links at Pocantico and took a special train to Florida. *O, si sic omnes!*

Foreign Correspondence

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN ENGLAND—THE KING AND THE ARMY.

LONDON, March 29.

"This is a wonderful Government," says the sarcastic Mr. Bonar Law. Indeed it is. At three o'clock on the afternoon of March 25 it appeared sick unto death, and its best friends gave it only a few hours to live. By six o'clock the same evening it had regained a more robust health than it had known for years. The Prime Minister's repudiation of Cabinet responsibility for any bargaining with the Curragh mutineers revolutionized the whole situation. It saved his Ministry from immediate extinction, and the democratic cause from a long period of internal discord and resultant helplessness.

The blunders and confusions of the last few days can be traced in large measure to two or three causes. One is the lack of clear thinking on the Unionist side—in Parliament and the press as well as in the army—as to what is meant by "the coercion of Ulster." There has been no coherent idea as to the nature of any possible coercion, or as to the means by which it would or could be brought about. The Ulster Volunteers have been organized to fight—against whom? Sir Edward Carson himself does not know. It has surely not been contemplated that, as soon as the Home Rule bill received the royal assent, a body of these volunteers should attack the Nationalist quarter of Belfast or lay military siege to Dublin. At the very earliest, the new act could not come into operation until the summer of next year. In the meantime, the Government of Ireland would continue, in every detail, precisely as at present. What would the volunteers be doing all this time? Nothing could occur that would call for the exercise of physical force on either side.

The Ulstermen and many of their supporters on this side of St. George's Channel seem really to entertain the mad idea that, as soon as the Home Rule bill was passed, the Government would send a large military force into Ulster to compel every dissentient to change his mind! Every house, they suppose, would be visited by a detachment of soldiers and the householder would be required to sign a document declaring his assent to Home Rule. If that is not what the Carsonites fear, what is it? They have been talking freely about "the invasion of Ulster" and "the conquest of Ulster." What ideas do they attach to the words?

The two final paragraphs of the so-called "Gough treaty" represent precisely the position of the Government and of the Liberal party. "His Majesty's Government must retain their right to use all the forces of the Crown in Ireland, or elsewhere, to maintain law and order and to support the civil power in the ordinary execution of its duty. But they have no intention whatever of taking advantage of this right to crush political opposition to the policy or principles of the Home Rule bill." These two sentences have

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been cancelled by the Prime Minister because no Government can consent to bargain with troops as to the conditions of their obedience to orders in hypothetical circumstances. But, as a declaration of the Government's intentions, this statement is absolutely unexceptionable—so much so as to amount almost to a platitude. Nobody, either in Ireland or in England, who had given a moment's thought to the question, could expect the policy of a Government to be anything else. But Gen. Gough and his brother officers seem to have been obsessed by the idea of some sort of imminent attempt to use the forces of the Crown to "invade Ulster" or "conquer Ulster." No wonder that the conference at the War Office led to the discovery that there had been a "misunderstanding."

Another thing that has helped to complicate the situation has been the unfortunate fact that the Minister for War is himself a military man. It was a blunder of Mr. Asquith's to appoint a colonel as the Cabinet Minister in charge of the War Office. The usual practice has been to place this responsibility on a civilian. Col. Seely has the reputation of many high qualities, but his long association with the army has inevitably colored his views of the relation of the army to the civil government. Evidently, he had not the least conception of how the country would regard any suggestion of such compacts with officers as he has been trying to arrange. A civilian War Minister would not have looked at the question through "service" spectacles, nor would he have committed the blunder of letting Buckingham Palace play so active a part in the proceedings.

And what of the King himself? It appears evident that the Unionists have hoped to use him, together with the army, as their tool in bringing the Government to the ground. At the moment when their plot seemed to have succeeded, they openly boasted in the party press of the effect of his intervention. Then came John Ward's protest in Parliament against "interference from King or army," and the response to his speech made it clear that the country did not approve of his Majesty's being an "active agent" in such matters. Now, of course, it is the cue of the Unionist press to be highly indignant with the "infamous" conduct of those Liberals who have "bandied about" the name of the King.

The carefully worded disclaimers by Mr. Asquith and Col. Seely have not weakened in the least the widespread conviction that the King has been doing things that he had better have left undone. For months past some unseen but powerful influences have been at work, and if popular opinion associates them with Buckingham Palace, it is simply because no other hypothesis will fit the facts. Liberals especially resent his Majesty's frequent conferences with the Opposition leaders and with Lord Roberts. Technically, these consultations may be defended as perfectly correct, for one of the privileges of Privy Councillors is the right of audience with the King. But it is by the advice of his Ministers that a constitutional King is expected to govern. As to Lord Roberts, his visits to Buckingham Palace are certainly to be deprecated when one remembers that his was the first name appended to a covenant whose signatories declared that they should consider themselves justified "in taking or supporting any action" to prevent the Home Rule bill from being put into operation if passed under the Parliament act. Lord Roberts is an old man, and the memory of his distinguished services makes the supporters of law and order unwilling to regard his recent course as they would regard the same weakness in others. But he is emphatically not the sort of man who is a safe adviser for Buckingham Palace in matters affecting the relation of the army to the Parliament. H. W. H.

THE ELECTIONS IN SPAIN—PROBLEMS FOR THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

MADRID, March 28.

The recent elections for the new Cortes, as was foreseen, resulted in a very large majority for the present Government. The general system of choosing representatives has nothing in common with our own, since it is purely a question of following a particular political leader. No platforms are proclaimed, no principles of economic reform are announced, no promises are made. A candidate for office justifies his claims by showing that he is ready for a wider field in which to display his oratorical talents. If he is fortunate in his relatives and friends, some unsuspecting precinct may find his name posted in the public squares on the eve of an election; and if his party has control of the local machinery, he is certain to be elected by the unanimous choice of his constituents.

The campaign was lifeless. In Madrid the streets were deserted, and although there was some shooting and stabbing in provincial towns, in most places the day was much like other days. The followers of Señor Maura were the only ones who attempted to stir up an interest in the cause of their deposed leader. They issued a little booklet called "Catechism on the Doctrine of Maura," consisting of a series of questions and answers proving that Maura is the only person to save Spain from impending ruin, and that all of his opponents are enemies of the country and of the King.

The Mauristas also held several meetings at various theatres, at which there was little or no disturbance, which always goes to prove, here, that no one is interested in the cause; that is, sufficiently to break up the meeting. As there generally are entertaining sights at these gatherings, I went to one to get some information at first hand. The house was crowded, while the stage was occupied by about a score of men, party managers, speakers, and a few noted guests. Although many speakers displayed real oratorical power, not one presented any principles or platform, or proposed any particular legislation. It was all a question of personalities, every speaker making it as clear as he could that there was but one man in Spain whose patriotism, justice, and loyalty made him fit to govern the country. The speakers were frequently interrupted by cries of *"Viva Maura!"* and in every case, after closing his speech, the orator was effusively embraced and patted on the back by all who were on the stage. He then withdrew to some rear seat in order to recover from his emotions and to rest his arms, which he had waved incessantly for half an hour.

The result of the election has at least made clear one thing: Maura will not support Dato in the next Congress, and although the latter appears to have a very large majority over all of his opponents, it must be remembered that, by a peculiar election law, any candidate who presents himself in a specific precinct without any opposing candidate to contest the election with him becomes a Deputy to Congress without any struggle whatsoever. Thus about one-fourth of the membership of the New Chamber will consist of representatives whose real affiliations have never been publicly declared, and who cannot be counted on for a definite time to come. There seems to be some justification, therefore, in the frequently expressed view that the new Government, in spite of its seemingly large majority, cannot survive many sessions of the Cortes.

The chief parties have never been so broken up, there have never been so many petty leaders, and no election has ever brought out more bitter expressions of personal hostility, than the one just held. One result of the elections is, however, that the Republicans have decidedly lost ground in their chief strongholds, except in Madrid, where they elected five out of eight candidates. Nor can there be any doubt that the King is gaining in popularity. The great mass of the people seems to remain indifferent, for on them has fallen the bitter effect of centuries of misrule, and they see no hope of improvement. But there is less hostile criticism uttered, and friendly manifestations when the King passes through the streets are far more common than they were a few years ago. This may be ascribed first to the personality of the King, who in recent years has gone through some trying ordeals with admirable courage. In the second place, the continual unrest in Portugal has brought home to many Spaniards more than any local inefficiency the fact that Spain is not yet ripe for a republic.

The chief question for the new Cortes, one not once discussed during the last campaign, will be the budget. There have been many indications of increased national wealth in the last few years; economically Spain has improved. The revenues from customs receipts, for example, as well as the earnings of the railways, show a substantial increase. The latter item is particularly significant in the case of a nation the mass of whose people has been averse to travelling or moving about. But, owing to unusual expenses, such as the unfortunate Moroccan war, the balance sheet for the fiscal year of 1913 shows an unusually large deficit. The first grave problem will therefore be the increase of the revenue, with the possible reduction of the army in Morocco. R. S.

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Books and Men

ANOTHER "EDWIN DROOD" TRIAL.

John Jasper, whose neck was saved from the English hangman through Mr. Bernard Shaw's desire to make an epigram, is again to be put in jeopardy of his life. This time it is in Philadelphia, where a mock-trial of the alleged murderer of Edwin Drood will be held on April 29.

It is a wonder they did not hang him in London. Foreman Shaw of the jury had his little joke about finding him guilty of manslaughter "in the spirit of compromise." But it is possible that all the jurymen would have voted for a verdict of murder in the first degree if it had not been for the prosecuting attorney. Mr. Cuming Walters, who "led for the Crown," arose at eleven o'clock in the evening and delivered a long, very earnest, and rather dull address. In short, he bored the jury, the Court, and the audience, "full of holes." Mr. Walters has written one book, compiled another, and published any number of letters, articles, and addresses to prove that Jasper's plot against Edwin Drood really succeeded. So he not only refused to be frivolous about the case, but he almost declined to be interesting. A discussion about the make-believe characters in a novel had no room in it, he thought, for lightness. And so the jury revolted and Jasper got off with his life.

The cards were stacked against Jasper from the start. The choir-master walked into court a half-doomed man. The defence seems to have taken a rather academic interest in an acquittal. But Mr. Walters's thirst for a conviction was very real. For nine or ten years (since his publication of "Clues to the Mystery of Edwin Drood") he has pursued Jasper as relentlessly as fate. And the defence virtually gave their case away before the trial began. They agreed not to produce Edwin in court, and then tried to clear his uncle of the charge of murdering him. This was an egregious blunder. Jasper's lawyers should have insisted upon producing in court a person—Datchery, or another—who would insist that he was Edwin Drood. Then the jury could have decided the question of identity.

If a writer who has recently described the approaching Philadelphia trial, in the Boston *Transcript*, is correctly informed, then the defence is going to make a worse blunder than that made in London. "It was proposed by the defence," he writes, "to call Drood himself to the stand by proxy, but the prosecution, rather than be handicapped by such a proceeding, agreed to admit that Drood was dead."

That was good of them! It gives them their case half-won. In London, Helena Landless was permitted to go on the witness stand and testify that *she* was Mr. Datchery; that she, the Oriental tragedy queen, already in love with that properest of persons, the Rev. Dr. Crisparkle, had been careering about Cloisterham in trousers and wig, eating fried sole, veal cutlet, and a pint of sherry for her dinner!

It is true that she said she did not drink the sherry, but poured it away. This is an invention of the exponents of the Helena-Datchery theory—Dickens says nothing about it. It is also true that the defence called Bazzard, who, in turn, testified that *he* was Datchery. Mr. Walters, in cross-examination, was far less successful in destroying his evidence than Mr. Cecil Chesterton, for the defence, had been in shaking Helena's story.

The identity of Datchery is, of course, a separate problem from the question of Jasper's guilt. It is, unless Datchery was Edwin Drood himself. And if the defence be not permitted to make this contention any argument about Datchery merely prolongs the trial—though it may add some humor to it. At the English trial Mr. "Justice" Gilbert K. Chesterton had to remind the prosecutor that his lengthy cross-examination of Bazzard was dragging a little. They must get on, for "we are all in high hopes of hanging somebody."

They say that the Philadelphia trial will be eminently fair because of the lawyers who are to take part in it. A Justice of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court will be on the bench, and the prosecution will be conducted by Attorney-General Bell and Judge Patterson, of the Court of Common Pleas.

Really, nothing could look worse for Jasper. Legally, the evidence against him is tremendous. It is because Mr. Walters and Sir Robertson Nicoll have looked at the problem in such a cold, legal light that they are sure of Jasper's legal as well as moral guilt. But imagine the choir-master's attorneys trying to present it as an artistic problem, as a study of the human equation! Those judges and lawyers would simply dance on the idea.

There is one ray of hope for Jasper. Among the talesmen are George Ade and "Mr. Dooley." The lawyers for the defence ought to see to it that these two humorists get into the box. They may find a way out for the prisoner.

The "legal" case for Jasper's guilt is very strong. Certainly, Dickens told Forster that his story was to concern an uncle who should murder his nephew. Certainly, the novelist's son and daughter believed that their father died still intending the murder to succeed. Certainly, Dickens told Fildes, the illustrator, that Jasper must have a black scarf—for with that "Jasper strangles Edwin Drood." Certainly, eighteen out of the thirty-two principal commentators on the problem have believed that the plot did not miscarry, and that Edwin's dead body was actually placed in the quick-lime after that sinister Christmas Eve dinner.

But—it is not a legal problem, in the narrow sense. It is a human problem—a question of the workings of a novelist's mind. Another novelist or literary man is a better judge in the case than any lawyer who looks at it in a purely professional light. That Jasper *tried* to murder Edwin is denied by no one; the question is whether he is legally as well as morally guilty. The list of literary folk, especially imaginative writers, who believe that Edwin escaped is rather impressive: "Orpheus C. Kerr," "Gillan Vase," Andrew Lang, William Archer, Comyns Carr, M. R. James, Clement Shorter, and Cecil Chesterton.

Forster and the Dickenses heard from the novelist that Edwin was murdered, but there is no proof that the plan was not changed afterwards. Charles Dickens was apparently in trouble with his plot towards the last days of his life. The statement to Fildes about the black scarf is not conclusive—an unsuccessful attempt might have been made with the scarf. (Fildes never seems to have drawn it, by the way.) Finally, and it is a point seldom emphasized, the machinery of the opium, Jasper's drugged trances, seem utterly unnecessary unless they were to prevent the murder. They would explain how the attempt failed, and do it beautifully. What other purpose have they?

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

Poetry

ON TWO POEMS IN THE "NATION."

Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares et respondere parati.

Two shepherds on their oaten reeds
  Took up the pastoral song
(Poor Tityrus the while proceeds
  To drive their flocks along).

Menalcas wished it were his lot
  Beneath the beechen tree,
The turmoil of the town forgot,
  To whistle quietly.

Damœtas loudlier swept the string,
  "How dull is life," sang he,
"When every day it fails to bring
  Perils by land and sea."

Just then Palæmon chanced along;
  Requested, he decides:
"The Muses love alternate song,
  They like to hear both sides."

H. M. A.

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News for Bibliophiles

ORIGIN OF THE CLOSED COUPLET IN ENGLISH.

Who first cultivated the closed ten-syllable couplet in series, the chief vehicle of English poetry from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth? Who first, not by occasional chance, but by frequent design, achieved its self-contained unity and those traits of style which favor unity—restraint, neatness, balance, antithesis? Mr. Saintsbury, in his "History of English Prosody," thinks it was Sir John Beaumont, or George Sandys, during the reign of James I; Mr. Schelling, in the thirteenth volume of the Modern Language Publications, that it was Ben Jonson. If any one deserves to be called the father of English "classicism" in general, one must agree with Mr. Schelling that it was Jonson. But as to versification, Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, anticipated both him and the others, in the skilful translations of Epistles XVI and XVII of Ovid's "Heroides" which form 1,100 lines of his "Britaines Troy." This long narrative poem, mostly in the *ottava rima,* was published in 1609, probably antedating Beaumont's and Sandys's significant work, and certainly most of Jonson's. But, further, Heywood esteemed these translations so highly that he had woven many extracts from them into acts i and ii of his "Iron Age," Part I, which on good grounds is to be dated about 1596, though not published till 1632. Therefore, the translations date almost certainly from the sixteenth century, and probably from the early 1590's. As to technique, Heywood uses the "run-on" couplet only half as often as Ben Jonson does, somewhat oftener than Sir John Beaumont, much less often than Sandys, Denham, and even Waller, other pioneers. We do not find in him, or in them, the finish and austerity of Pope, or even Dryden, as to rhymes and as to pauses within or after the couplet; yet he clearly strove, especially in the second of the translations, for the terse effect given by the final pause and by parallelism and antithesis, of which we find many cases not in his original. The epistles abound in such passages as these:

> Fulnesse of wealth in all my Fleete I see,
> I am rich in all things, save in wanting thee.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> *Theseus* repented, so should *Paris* doe,
> Succede in Love, and in repentance, to.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> You are more earnest to pursue your game,
> I yeeld you not more knowledge, but lesse shame.

Heywood's originality has been the less recognized, perhaps, because these translations are not well known or easily accessible; the only copy of "Britaines Troy" known to me came from George III's library to the British Museum. But by a curious fortune they are to be found elsewhere. Jaggard, the unscrupulous printer of that poem, in 1612 put them in the third edition of "The Passionate Pilgrime," attributing them to Shakespeare. In spite of Shakespeare's and Heywood's indignation, expressed in the same year at the end of the latter's "Apologie for Actors," they remained among Shakespeare's poems in the first collected edition, 1640 (as well as in such later editions as those of 1710—Gildon's, 1725—Sewell's, 1775 and 1804). As a result of this dissemination and of Shakespeare's name, they may even have helped a little to promote a taste for the stricter sort of verse.

If we were only shifting a rather dusty laurel from one head to another, the matter would be of little interest. But there is a plain indication here from what this verse-form originated. Mr. Saintsbury suggests the influence of the succinct couplet-close of the English sonnet and *ottava rima;* and later, no doubt, the example of Malherbe and his followers helped, as did also the deep and wide trend towards a more severe poetic manner. But what started and doubtless always nourished the taste is suggested by the title and versification of another work, which appeared in 1597, probably some years after Heywood's poems were composed. "England's Heroical Epistles," by Drayton, Mr. Schelling rejects on no very clear ground as a forerunner of Jonson's closed couplets; yet they show a far higher proportion of such couplets than either Jonson or Heywood does, as well as much use of antithesis and the like. The title of the poem, as well as its contents, a feigned verse-correspondence between various romantic lovers in history, clearly shows that Drayton was imitating what Heywood was translating, Ovid's "Heroides," as Pope did in "Eloisa to Abelard" over a century later. The elegiac distich, in which the "Heroides" are written, is kept as strictly complete in itself as the couplet of Pope, and is as neat and antithetical in style; of all naturalized English metres, its unequal hexameter and pentameter go best into the ten-syllable couplet. In the Latin elegiac distich, more than anywhere else, we find the origin of our most "classic" style of verse.

JOHN S. P. TATLOCK.

University of Michigan.

Correspondence

THE NEW "NATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have studied your recent prospectus and read the succeeding numbers of the *Nation* pretty carefully, and so far I see no reason to fear that you are headed for any dangerous reefs. I am no less anxious than Professor Reeves, or any other, that the *Nation* shall stand in the future for the same ideals as have characterized it in the past, but in entering a broader field it need leave no valuable trait behind, nor take up anything inconsistent with its record.

Born and brought up on the farm, I received my first knowledge of the *Nation* and the *Evening Post* from the college reading-room. I do not hesitate to say that this was the most important single event of my undergraduate life. I have acquired in the years following a fairly wide acquaintance with periodical literature, and know that I am within bounds in saying that through no other agency could I have been brought into contact with so many of the really important men and ideas of this and other ages as through the pages of the *Nation* and the *Evening Post.* It is rarely that I read any book which is not more easily understood, which does not mean more to me and suggest more to me, because of what I have gleaned from your pages since the beginning of my college days.

The stronghold of the *Nation* with those who know it is their conviction that its pages record the sincere opinions of its writers, and that there are certain fundamental principles for which it can be depended upon to stand in the future as in the past and present. Hold it rigidly to that standard, and you can enlarge its range of interest with entire safety. Whenever that is forsaken, the *Nation* will be dead, even though it may "have a name to live," as certain other periodicals of once high standing which have gone after strange gods. I have faith to believe that the thought of its apostasy from the ideals of Godkin and Garrison could be more repugnant to no one than to those by whom it is owned and edited.

W. H. JOHNSON.

Denison University, Granville, O., April 3.

'CONSTITUTIONAL' GOVERNMENT IN MEXICO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The prevailing amount of misconception in this country regarding Mexico, in spite of the countless books and articles which have recently been devoted to that unhappy land, is proof that words and phrases which sound alike may be capable of the most widely divergent shades of interpretation under different conditions.

What we understand by "constitutional" government is one thing; what Mexicans mean by it is another. We have a constitutional government to-day and have had one since the foundation of our republic. Mexico has none now, and has never had one in the whole course of her turbulent and disorderly career as a separate nation. The average American when thinking and talking about Mexico usually has in mind a picture of a country with ideals and a political existence like our own, although, it may be, somewhat more imperfect. He says regretfully how sad it is that our neighbor is now so distracted by civil warfare and how much it is to be hoped that "normal" conditions will soon be restored. As a matter of fact, conditions in Mexico to-day are perfectly normal and are merely reproducing the ordinary state of existence there, if we except the really abnormal years of outward calm under the dictatorship (it is absurd to call it a presidency) of Porfirio Diaz.

Nothing more is needed to prove this contention than a casual perusal of the history of Mexico since its separation from Spain. The long list of Presidents and revolutionary uprisings becomes monotonous; administrations have changed almost daily. And, in fact, nothing else is to be expected of Mexico in this regard. It was colonized by a worthless set of pirates, criminals, and soldiers. In con-

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trast with the Anglo-Saxon settlements in the United States, where the colonists came for the most part from worthy motives and under the influence of centuries of development tending towards self-control and political freedom, accompanied in many cases by their wives and families, the Spaniards descended upon the beautiful but unhealthy tropics of our continent, not from worthy motives, but almost solely as adventurers desirous of making a speedy fortune in the mines or by Indian slavery and of returning at the earliest moment to enjoy their wealth in Europe. They did not bring women with them, the result being the mixture of European, negro, and Indian blood which now comprises at least 95 per cent. of the Mexican population, exclusive of the purely indigenous race still surviving in Mexico, like the Mayas in Yucatan, the Yaquis in the northern states, and others who have never yet acknowledged the authority of the Government of Mexico. Ask an inhabitant of Yucatan if he is a Mexican and you will always hear: "No, I am a Yucatecan." Perhaps 5 per cent. of the total population of the country to-day has a smattering of education; all the rest are plunged in an ignorance and superstition as dense as any of the Middle Ages.

The great need of Mexico to-day is agrarian reform—a system of revised land tenure enabling the "peon," the backbone of the country, worthless, ignorant, cruel, and innately lazy as he is, to obtain and hold agricultural lands to cultivate for himself and his family, in order that the feudal holdings of the great landed proprietors may be broken up and forced into immediate and much-needed cultivation by peasant proprietors. Such a system would displace the conditions of peonage, or slavery, which really, although secretly, exist all over the country. Although illegal, the peonage is in many respects the counterpart of the slavery of our South before the Civil War.

Elections have always been the veriest farces in Mexico, the idea of an honest or "untrammelled" election being a highly humorous conception to any Mexican. The candidate to be elected is decided upon in advance, and orders are issued to declare so and so elected to such and such an office. Not three men in a hundred, even of those entitled to a vote, will venture to go near a polling place, and those who do are bold, indeed, if they should venture to oppose the chosen candidate.

The natural result of centuries of misgovernment, both colonial and republican, has been that patriotism, respect for the Constitution, and political honor, as we understand the terms, do not exist in Mexico. The Federal Government is expected to do everything; individual initiative is frowned upon and scarcely exists. The theory sometimes held that Mexicans would unite against a foreign invasion is another misconception in American minds. The Mexican can and does fight like a wildcat when cornered, as he expects torture and death to follow surrender; but to expect any volunteer resistance to invasion would be to ask too much in a land where criminals at the point of a bayonet are forced into the ranks of the army to fight for the Government against revolutionaries.

To understand the situation in Mexico as it confronts us, we must abandon all our own ideas of a government by the people, for the people, and once for all realize that although in theory Mexico is a sovereign state with an advanced republican form of self-government, in reality it is and has always been governed by a system of despotism which, however repugnant to our feelings of the rights of a people, is, unfortunately, the only form of control which can hope to succeed in that country now for generations to come. Until the moment to which Madero looked forward, years in advance of his countrymen, shall come when education and practice in political freedom shall have made the Mexican people capable of self-government by law and order, until that time must Mexico be ruled by a strong hand, a despotic military autocracy. Constitutional government in that land is a theory never yet realized; anarchy and revolution, supposedly in behalf of some principle, in reality to act as a cloak for deeds of shameless brigandage, are the realities which confront the Mexican people and, what is worse, confront the American people. MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER, JR.

New York, April 3.

THE DUTCH NAVY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The pessimistic letter of your Dutch correspondent about the sad condition of Holland's fleet is perfectly correct. But suppose that we should pay fifty guilders for every man, woman, and child in the country to build one or two dreadnoughts, what, in the name of common-sense, are we going to do with them?

England has twenty-nine, France seventeen, Germany nineteen of those big ships. Our one dreadnought might be gloriously blown to kingdom-come, but from a military point of view it would mean an absolute waste of men and money. The truth of the matter is that the small countries cannot possibly compete under a system which threatens to ruin the largest and most opulent nations. Building a modern fleet is not a question of patriotism, self-sacrifice, or courage. It depends entirely upon the size of the respective national bank accounts.

But here is another side of the matter to which I wish to draw your attention: From a legal and ethical point of view, ought the kingdom of the Netherlands to be allowed to enter the modern rivalry for big ships, and by so doing run the risk of war?

It has pleased the civilized world to make our national residence the centre of the movement for international peace. The edifice of the highest tribunal is situated a mile from the shore. Any respectable dreadnought, sailing peacefully in the North Sea, can shoot the Peace Palace into pieces in less than ten minutes. With our few ships and our necessarily limited means, we cannot possibly hope to defend the coast of the country, which in the general interest of the cause of peace ought to stay neutral during all future wars.

The only sensible solution of the difficulty seems to be this—let all nations agree to declare this territory an international sanctuary. H. W. VAN LOON.

Washington, D. C., March 29.

PAUL HEYSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Paul Heyse, who died on April 2, was born in Berlin in 1830. From his father, the celebrated philologist, Prof. Karl Heyse, he early learned to know thoroughly and love deeply his native tongue. No German poet, not even Goethe, has had a more perfect command of language. From his mother, a Jewess, came his artistic nature. At the age of seventeen when entering the University at Berlin, he was introduced by the poet Geibel into the house of the art-historian Kugler. Here the later so-called Munich school of poetry really arose. Heyse began his literary career with a volume of fairy-tales, "Jungbrunnen" (1849), in the style of the romanticists Brentano and Eichendorff; this was soon followed by a tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini," which shows unmistakably the influence of Shakespeare. After making a thorough study of Romance languages under the renowned Prof. Diez in Bonn, the young poet went to Italy to study Italian renaissance literature, and while there made fine translations of Leopardi and Giusti. On his return to Berlin in 1854 he married a daughter of Kugler, and went to Munich to live, having been called there by König Max at the suggestion of Geibel. In the meantime, he had published another tragedy, "Meleager," and several epic poems with the collective title, "Hermen." In Munich, where he became the King's constant companion and the acknowledged ruler of German letters, Heyse entered upon a period of very prolific production. He wrote a number of short epic poems, two of which, at least, "Die Braut von Cypern" and "Thekla," are excellent, and several dramas, one of which, "Die Sabinerinnen," took the Munich prize in 1858, but was not well received on the stage. Heyse has never been highly esteemed as a dramatist in Germany; he is by nature and preference an epic, not a dramatic, poet, and it is just in those dramas where broad epic rather than intense dramatic treatment is required that he is most successful. Of his twenty or more dramas the best are "Alcibiades," "Die schlimmen Brüder," "Ludwig der Bayer," and "Hans Lange." His essays in the modern realistic drama were signal failures.

Heyse found his true forte in the prose Novelle, of which he published several hundred. It was one of the first, "L'Arrabiata" (1855), which established his fame, and which still remains his best, as it is perhaps the most perfect short story ever written. Among his other Novellen the best are, by popular consent, "Zwei Gefangene," "Unvergessliche Worte," "Das Mädchen von Treppi," "Andrea Delfin," "Die Stickerin von Treviso," "Der Weinhüter von Meran," "Die

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Dichterin von Carcassone," and "Grenzen der Menschheit."

Heyse has drawn his stories from nearly every nation and class of continental Europe and from almost all epochs. Never, however, has he written as so many Germans have, simply to depict a class or epoch for its value in the history of culture; with him class or epoch is always merely the background for a vital problem. He alone of all German story-writers is never pedantic or tedious. Just on account of his wide range of scene and intentional suppression of descriptive detail he has been accused of superficial observation and characterization. The accusation is utterly unjust. Heyse really gives by a few deft lines a picture of epoch and people more vivid than the average German writer does in as many pages. Only in his very latest stories, where most unfortunately he has been unable to escape the almost universal influence of so-called naturalism, has Heyse sacrificed eternal truth for ephemeral and fortuitous reality. He has been throughout a romanticist in his philosophy of life and art, but with a classic calm and restraint. He has held himself somewhat aloof, has thought perhaps too much of art and too little of life; has laid too much stress upon elegance of form and expression, but he has never degraded himself or his work by mere actuality.

About 1870 Heyse unfortunately turned from the Novelle, of which he was master, to the novel, in which he has done but mediocre work. "Die Kinder der Welt" (1873) is an attempt at a long novel of the revolution of German thought in the early '70's. It is a strange mixture of the philosophy of atheism and art, of Strauss and Schopenhauer. The main story, the struggle of Dr. Edwin between wife and mistress, is well enough done, but there is no unity to the book. Like all of Heyse's long novels it is a mere string of loosely connected stories with little or no development of plot and character. "Im Paradies" is a tale of Munich art-life, in which the doctrine of free love is openly preached. The only good feature of the book is the fine character of the artist Jansen, evidently drawn directly from life. In "Der neue Merlin" (1892) Heyse has sought to portray the fate of an idealistic poet in our realistic times. There can be no doubt as to who the poet is. Unhappily the author enters into long tirades against the new school of literature growing up in Germany and its adherents. It is regrettable that he attempted in a work of art to answer their scurrilous attacks upon him and his conservative attitude. Heyse's last novel, "Ueber allen Gipfeln," is another most unfortunate attack upon modern thought, upon Nietzsche and his Uebermensch idea. Here the author loses all control of himself—whatever Nietzsche's and his followers' philosophy may be, it certainly is not "the hideous nocturnal caterwauling of drunken, maudlin students."

As a lyric poet Heyse also attained eminence. His lyrics are always finished in form, often deep in thought and beautiful in sentiment; but they lack the spontaneity of Goethe's songs and have but seldom been set to music. Consequently he has never been a favorite with the German people in general. Forty years ago, among the literati, Heyse bore the proud and undisputed title of "Goethe's heir." Fifteen years later, when the great wave of naturalism had almost submerged German literature, he was ignored—even ridiculed as an "antiquated stylist." The naturalistic critics and propagandists had dethroned him, had, in fact, driven him from his native land. He went to live a retired life in his lovely villa near Gardone, on the beautiful Lago di Garda. Here I had the privilege of visiting him several years ago.

EDWARD STOCKTON MEYER.

Cleveland, April 4.

THE ROMAN LIBERALS TO LINCOLN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To my letter in the *Nation* of March 5 I have received interesting replies from Mr. Hugh McLellan, of New York, and from Mr. E. S. Johnson, curator of the Lincoln Monument at Springfield, Ill. It is certain that the stone from the wall of Servius Tullius with an inscription in honor of Lincoln has been since 1870 in Springfield, and since 1871 in the eastern interior wall of Memorial Hall. Mr. McLellan has sent me the "History and Description of the Lincoln Monument," by J. C. Power (Springfield, 1872), which contains a photographic reproduction of the stone and what is known of its history in America. The stone was found in the basement of the White House in 1866; thence it was transferred to the crypt of the Capitol. In the *Congressional Globe* of April 11, 1870, I find a motion of Congressman Peters, of Maine, to warrant its transference to the Botanical Gardens in Washington. It was on June 17 that Congressman Cullom, of Illinois, amended this resolution, requesting its delivery to the Lincoln Monument Association, which was done the following month. Cullom's speech on that occasion appears in the *Globe* under that date.

Between the documents that Gerardi unearthed in Rome and those cited by Power there is considerable discrepancy. The *Address* published in Rome in 1865 (July) specifically states that the stone was sent in commemoration of Lincoln's death. In this case, the theory of shipment on the unfortunate Uhla sounds plausible enough. It is clear in any case that the stone must have been addressed to the President of the United States, which fact explains its presence in the White House. It is quite incredible that the stone could have so been delivered to the private residence of President Johnson, entirely without his knowledge, or that his efforts, as described by Power, to find out something about the stone in 1866 should have been wholly in vain. The inscription on the stone reads: *Abrahamo Lincolnio Region. Foederat. Americ. Praesidi. II*, etc.: "To Abraham Lincoln President of the United States *for the second time*. . . ." In view of this, it would seem that the stone must have arrived during April or May in Washington addressed to Lincoln, and during the confusion attendant in the White House on his assassination and the subsequent illness of Mrs. Lincoln, was overlooked for the moment and then finally forgotten. The Roman *Address* must simply have utilized the emotion aroused by Lincoln's death to give an actual news value to the announcement of the earlier action of the Liberals, really taken on a different occasion. The essential point, in any event, is that even if the stone was aboard the Uhla, it was ultimately able to record its message of affection and esteem from the Roman patriots above the tomb of Abraham Lincoln.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

Columbia University, April 1.

CATALOGUES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with amazement (*Nation*, March 12, p. 277): "It is only in Germany that one has the right to assume the existence of well-made catalogues." Now, confining my appreciation to the catalogues of picture galleries only, I venture to assert that no German gallery possesses a catalogue as complete and thorough as those of Turin (Bandi di Vesme), Nantes (Nicole), and Louvre (Italian and Spanish schools, by Seymour de Ricci). The two latter catalogues are hitherto, as far as I know, the only ones which give the *whole* bibliography of every work described. I will add that I know several catalogues of minor galleries in England (Glasgow, for instance), which are superior to the catalogues you may get of Darmstadt, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, etc.

SALOMON REINACH.

Paris, March 26.

[Our reviewer somewhat exaggerated the primacy of Germany in art cataloguing, yet M. Reinach misconceives the intent of the phrase to which he objects. The question is not what are the best gallery catalogues, and where; but where are good gallery handbooks common enough to be the rule? The review itself was based on what is hardly more than a good gallery guide. M. Reinach's letter justly points out the notable progress made of recent years by England, France, and Italy. Germany holds her supremacy by a narrow and diminishing tenure.—ED. THE NATION.]

PUBLISHING JUVENILIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With the spirit of your editorial in the *Nation* of March 5 on the *fureur de l'inédit* I am quite in accord. Yet I submit that the publication of youthful productions is often of real service to the literary historian, if not always to the great reading public. The publication by Louis Conard in 1910 of the *Œuvres de jeunesse inédites* of Flaubert is a case in point. Two of the three volumes contain some real literature besides furnishing valuable material to the student of the author's artistic development. The third, containing "his lucubrations from his thirteenth to the end of his seventeenth year" also makes accessible the first rude sketch of what became the

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"Tentation de Saint Antoine," a subject that haunted Flaubert for forty years. This is certainly of interest. Furthermore, although few of these tales are of value in themselves, they prove as almost nothing else could do the intensely romantic nature of their author and what a long road he had to travel to attain the method of "Madame Bovary."

A. COLEMAN.

Chicago, Ill., March 25.

History in Australasia.

SYDNEY, March 1.

Australia has completed the first quarter of the second century of its existence as a community. In that comparatively brief space of a nation's growth, in accordance with the law that a colony repeats the development of the motherland, it has retraversed a large portion of the history of England. Its settlement, with some differences, was the settlement of Britain over again. It witnessed the Heptarchy and its "battles of kites and crows," though in a bloodless form. Its political evolution and the acquisition of responsible government curiously reiterate the political development of England. Its struggles with the aborigines were not unlike the Teutonic conquest of the British natives. Its industrial progress, beginning with the pastoral stage, its primitive and tardy agriculture, and its late manufacture recapitulate the industrial progress of the mother-country. Its literature, science, and art have had like origins. We shall better understand the annals of the motherland, if we are thoroughly acquainted with the story of the daughter-colony.

Dr. W. H. Fitchett* is therefore right in saying that the history of Australia is the evolution of a nation, seen under a lens. But he does not trace the parallelism between the two histories—he does not even imply it, and still less does he describe the unconscious nisus of the immigrants towards the pastoral occupation of the country and the formation of a free community, in opposition to the submerging conviction of the settlement and its governmental Socialism. These are the two keys to the history of Australia, but the author virtually confines himself to its more picturesque aspects.

He brilliantly narrates the strange story of the old maps, which show that Australia was discovered in the dreams of geographers centuries before the first ship touched its shores. These and a long line of literary allusions, running back almost to Aristotle, reveal a ghostly continent that stretched up to the Equator or shrank down to the South Pole, while a succession of mythical discoveries kept up an intermittent dance all around it.

The real discoverer of Australia, Dr. Fitchett holds, was not Torres or Dalrymple, but Capt. James Cook, and his portrait of the great navigator, originally published in a magazine, is already a classic which figures in the new anthology of Australian prose. Is it partly imaginary, as when he finds that Cook's eyes "seem to be searching some far-off sea-horizon"? He naturally misses the fighting quality in Cook's face, and he is disappointed. A Methodist minister who has a true vocation for letters, and perhaps a more imperious vocation for battle, expects something more in history than the works of peace. The doctor's best books, where his diction rises to its highest point, are tales of the battlefield, and the present volume doubtless suffers by its having no "drums" and very few "tramplings" to record. It has, indeed, the dispossession of the blacks, and that he relates briefly, justly condemning it as "the tragedy of a vanished race"—a sacrifice to "human stupidity," he thinks it, when it was really a sacrifice to lust, folly, and greed. With equal brilliancy he tells the story of the early exploration of Australia, and there he leaves it. The as yet untold remainder will rise to the heroic. Evidently, though published as an independent work, the book is but the first of a series of volumes on the history of Australia. They will have high literary and ethical value.

Clearing a century at a bound, we pass from the beginnings of New South Wales to the beginnings of the young Australian Commonwealth. That could have had no more fitting historian than the eminent counsel, of Australian origin, but an English barrister, who has told the story of its embryonic life and its birth with a personal authority and a native distinction that few could rival and no other surpass.* As the loyal follower of the first great Federationist in New South Wales, the eloquent statesman, Sir Henry Parkes, he was behind all the scenes that accompanied the inception and early stages of the movement, and, when Parkes passed away, Mr. Wise became himself one of the leaders. Henceforth he took part in all its battles, and he is therefore fitted to describe "the policy and the passions of contending parties." He was in daily intercourse with its public men, and he sketches "the personalities of the rival leaders." He, a democrat by acquired conviction, not by training, who startled the Oxford Union of his time by his advanced liberalism, and who became the author of the industrial arbitration system of New South Wales, dramatically portrays "the ebb and flow of popular sentiment," recognizing that this was the decisive factor.

Mr. Wise puzzles over the attitude of a leader for whom the famous phrase, "Yes—No," was coined, without ever observing that, such was the overwhelming force of the movement, federation was brought about by one who did not believe in the wisdom of it. It is one of the ironies of history. It is another of those ironies that the results of federation have been diametrically the opposite of those expected by both its friends and its foes.

We desire a fuller account of the influence of the United States on the formation of the Constitution of the Commonwealth, but are grateful for what we receive in its place. Mr. Wise tells of Mr. Justice Inglis Clark, then Attorney-General of Tasmania, who was "more American than the Americans," and had a large acquaintance with the Constitutional history of the United States. In his speech at the Melbourne Conference of 1890 he deposited the germs of the ideas that afterwards dominated the convention which framed the Constitution. As one of the two draftsmen of the Constitution his influence was great, and it was exerted in favor of the United States Constitution, which he avowedly preferred to that of Canada.

The book is not, as it has been absurdly styled, an "ideal history" of the Federal movement in Australia; it is, as it professes to be, "a record by an eyewitness," and as such it has great value and authority.

A third volume* carries us back to the discovery of New Zealand. Mr. Robert McNab, once Minister of Lands there, worthily consoles himself for the repeated loss of his seat and consequent exclusion from political office by dedicating his energies to the pre-history of his colony. Like the discoverers of the Accadians and the Hittites, he has had the rare good-fortune to strike an absolutely virgin tract in its annals. Who, before him, knew that in older days than the earliest colonists dreamed of ships had come thither from north and south, east and west, to carry on the once-important sealing and whaling industries? It is the southern parallel to the early fisheries that led the way to the settlement of North America. Two previous treatises had broken ground where no foot had trodden, and since they were published Mr. McNab has made another tour of the globe, visiting old and tapping fresh sources of information. After the old newspapers, where interviews with the sea captains were reported, the best were the logs of the American whalers preserved in the libraries of the historical societies on the east coast, from Salem to Washing-

**The New World of the South; or, Australia in the Making.* By W. H. Fitchett, LL.D. London: G. Bell and Sons.

**The Making of the Commonwealth.* By B. R. Wise. Longmans.

**Old Whaling Days.* Melbourne: Whitcombe & Tombs.

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ton. Unique among these is the log of the Mary Mitchell, which he found at Nantucket, and this he prints in full. He visited the descendants of the old whalers of New Bedford and other Eastern ports, and found them proud of their ancestors, as also communicative of old documents. He ransacked the MS. reports sent to England by the Governors of New South Wales, French official reports, custom-house entries, and still other materials.

He aimed always at producing "absolutely the earliest attainable version of the incidents chronicled." His method is that of the strictest historian, and he ignores all statements where the authorities are not named. This is admirable; but with what results? What is the outcome of so prodigal an expenditure of time, labor, and money? He professes to cover the history of New Zealand from its discovery by Tasman in 1642 till it was ceded to Great Britain in 1840, but between these two dates no British community existed. A chapter on American Whalers and Scientists sounds promising, and the information it contains is new; but it belongs rather to the history of marine industry and exploration than to the history of New Zealand. J. C.

Personality of Species.

THE DOMESTICATION OF WILD BIRDS.

The squat dâk bungalow fades into the dusk as I leave it at early dawn and walk quietly into the heart of the Burmese jungle. The sounds of the night are dying away and the morning chorus has not yet begun. It is the first of the only two intervals of stillness which the tropical wilderness ever knows; the second being the breathless heat-silence of blistering high noon. A sombre, sluggish stream slips noiselessly through the ferns and I wait by its edge for what the wilderness may offer. The first sound of diurnal life points my paragraph; a sudden, shrill crow—broken but unmistakable. Junglefowl are afoot and drinking. The bird crows again, the sound cutting through the silent dawn. A distant band of monkeys, already warmed by the sunlight in the tree-tops, bursts into Zoroastrian chorus. Close at hand comes a sharp *tuk-tuk-tuk-tuk-tukáuk!* and I know that a junglehen is watching me and is suspicious, not yet alarmed.

There is no more startling sound than the sudden crowing or clucking of these birds in the heart of the jungle. It is as if one of the flock of parrakeets swinging past should scream down "Hello, Polly!" It seems wholly out of tune with all the wilderness sounds, and unconsciously one looks for native houses where one knows no man has ever lived. No wilder bird exists than the red junglefowl which has not come into contact with mankind. Yet no living organism ever becomes so completely human-ordered, such a commercially reproductive machine, as this same jungle bird after a few generations of captivity.

Around the native villages there is constant crossing with the red junglefowl, but far from mankind, along the back reaches of Burmese and Malayan rivers, we find these forest fowl as wild as any pheasant. Trap them, and for a time they beat against their cage. Then quiet settles over them. They feed and crow and fight and court and breed. But their congeners, the other junglefowl, are altogether feral. They half-heartedly consent at times to lay eggs, but their offspring are always true to their savage inheritance. The chicks of the captured red junglefowl represent a considerable advance towards the inmates of the barnyard, and in the ensuing generations white feathers may appear and the high caste of courtship and normal nesting begin to break down. They soon show signs of that marvellous unnatural fecundity which renders them of such untold value to man.

The rock pigeon—ancestor of all our squabs and cote inmates—goes even farther in voluntary association with man. Of its own accord it will take up its abode in villages and cities, and I have seen scores roosting amid the noise and smoke of a Punjab railway station. We know how thoroughly domestic are the ordinary breeds of pigeons. The nearest related species of wild birds suffer death before they admit such intimacy.

It has escaped general notice that there are some phases of mental phenomena which can be carried up from the individual to the species. These are not dependent on physical environment or similarity of habits, but are inherent qualities. They are as rare as they are striking, and as yet we find no point of attack for explanation. This species personality presents an outlook upon life, an acceptance of changed conditions, which is like the spirit of the flock, of the herd, or common to widely scattered, wholly isolated individuals.

Take, for example, a pair of wild mallard ducks and a pair of teal. Feeding together on the water of the bay, they present no mental distinctions. Both are equally on the alert, both ready to take to flight when still beyond the range of gunshot. They ask nothing of man but to be let alone. They nest as far as possible from his presence. On migration they approach his haunts as little as need be. Their lives are virile, competent, independent. If every mortal should be swept from the earth tomorrow, the races of mallards and teal would suffer no change. Thousands of years before tree-men let themselves gingerly down from the lowest branches and began unsteadily to stagger about upright on firm ground, mallards and teal fed together on the waters of the bay, no different in form, in feather, in alertness.

But once in captivity, the teal and the mallards show an extraordinary difference of behavior. Years pass and the teal will still scurry away like frightened mice at our approach. If the teal have a pond and plenty of companions, they tolerate captivity. They are content so long as they are undisturbed, but they never cease to suspect, to be on the lookout for sudden attack. Their life in captivity is filled almost as constantly with apprehension as is their wild existence. As a species, they live and they die untamed.

The wild mallard for a short time resents confinement, but abundant food soon absorbs his interest. He ceases to look for danger when day after day the appearance of man coincides with a shower of manna. In a month he has accepted captivity and lives his new life to the full. Having tried his clipped wings and found them useless, he turns at once to the other joys of duck life, of sleeping, of swimming, of up-ending in the water, and dining on the essence of pond mud. Memory claims him only for a day or two at migrations when, compass-like, he wanders restlessly to north or south. His offspring are in very truth puddle ducks, overplump to do more than fly heavily around their natal landscape. The females of this generation hatch their own ducklings, but often leave them to the care of one bird, who vainly tries to cover forty or fifty at once. The ducks then make other nests and rear other broods. This is against all avian law and order as found in the wilderness, and reflects the degenerating influence of domestication. Whether from excessive appreciation of the advantages of the new régime, or from some mental state akin to fatalistic acceptance of kismet, or from sheer stupidity, we cannot say, but at all events, in the brain of the mallard there are latent possibilities which do not exist in his nearest of kin. Physically, the black duck differs in the case of the drake, which has retained somewhat of the plumage of the females of both species. Mentally, the two are as wide apart as the poles.

We are only just beginning to learn something about the strange birds of South America, but already we recognize in some of them still another phase of mentality—super-specific, almost continental. The screamers, the seriamas, the trumpeters, the curassows, and guans, all are mentally related. All submit gracefully to captivity and become so tame that even with liberty and full

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wings they refuse to return to the jungle. But they also refuse to breed, and with a few isolated exceptions we may say almost that they never reproduce in captivity.

Between the two groups in point of mentality comes the peacock. He is neither a barnyard fixture nor a commercial servant of mankind. He keeps his caste. His courtship, breeding, plumage, remain undefiled. He walks alone, he condescends, he allows no feeling of complete possession.

WILLIAM BEEBE.

Joseph Conrad.

Conrad's place among current English writers is peculiar. It is detached, and a little aloof. It represents a literary career virtually contemporary with that of the group of brilliant irresponsibles which, during the past decade, has so joyously and consciously dominated the scene. Shaw is not Chesterton, and Chesterton is not Bennett; but they and their comrades in brilliancy are confessedly all of a piece in their attitude towards the public. Amuse the brute: if it wants a variety show, see that it gets its shilling's worth. Why be a homely slighted shepherd when one knows how to be a head-liner? Never mind dignity, never mind reserves—watch 'em sit up! Thus, to the amazement and consternation of a responsible America, has frivolous Britain conducted her recent experiments in what we have been bred to revere as English literature. The method has its penalties. "Have you seen Chesterton's latest?" or "Oh, Bernard Shaw, of course!" Contrast these social casualties, and the smile of easy patronage appertaining, with the expressions, verbal and other, of respect and esteem greeting the name Conrad.

"Esteem" is an old-fashioned word, but there is none which, after reaching middle age, an artist in any sort is likely to hold in higher regard. It means something solid, something stable and well-rounded in his make-up and achievement; something human, too, in a quieter and less spectacular sense, of that patient old word. People who have not read Conrad have this sort of feeling for him. It is in the air. Fame, indeed, is determined neither by a special constituency nor by a vast comprehensive public. It is less a matter of consensus than of general impression. And Joseph Conrad is a name which, by the general impression, stands for fine and strong work, and for an uncommonly interesting personality. Mention him in any company and you find him cheerfully conceded a place at or near "the head" in contemporary literature. Even persons who do not greatly relish his quality admit that it is there to be relished. There is a kind of glamour about him.

I.

This is due in part, no doubt, to the touch of exoticism in the man and in his work. His personal genesis has something to do with it. It is even more gratifying than surprising to English readers that a foreigner should have chosen our tongue for his loftiest uses, and have become a master of it. But such mastery could hardly be achieved of sheer deliberation. The slow and (for him) sure means by which Conrad made his way towards it involve an experience which is a romance in itself. The substance and meaning of this experience he has set forth in "Some Reminiscences," a volume that, by one of those unaccountable mischances which overtake English books on their way to America, came to us under the more pretentious title, "A Personal Record."

Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski was born in 1857, of a distinguished Polish family. A grand-uncle was a Chevalier of Napoleon's Legion of Honor, and took part in the disastrous Russian campaign. A family legend to the effect that in the course of the retreat from Moscow he ate dog—*a* dog—long obsessed the fancy of a young grand-nephew. Conrad's father was a man of uncommon ability, an accomplished writer of prose and verse; and translated a number of English books into Polish. For his part in the luckless revolt of '63 he was condemned to exile. His wife had been seriously ill, but the Russian authorities gave her no time for recovery, and she left Poland only to die. In this instance exile did not mean destitution; Conrad was carefully educated, with a view to such a career as might still be fit and possible for a Polish gentleman. But his boyish ambition led in a very different direction. It was common enough in itself; multitudes of land-bound infants have dreamed of the sea. But with most of them the dream is brief or easily broken. The phantom of the sea-hero passes of itself, with those kindred ghosts of cowboy and detective, or is dissipated rudely enough by a taste of real salt water. With this boy neither thing happened; the dream persisted in making itself a reality, and the reality justified the dream.

Conrad's family could not foresee this, of course. Not only was it improbable in a general sense—there was no ghost of family precedent for the impulse. The boy himself could only assert it, not justify it: "Why should I, the son of a land which such men have turned up with their ploughshares and bedewed with their blood, undertake the pursuit of fantastic meals of salt junk and hardtack upon the wide seas?" There was no more explaining the impulse than gainsaying it; and the gallinaceous uncle who was then his guardian could only cluck remonstrably as, in due season, he put forth upon his strange element. He became a British seaman, and a British master mariner.

II.

If the sea had been his only passion, or if it had been able to absorb all his energies, we should have had no "Almayer," no "Lord Jim." But the faithful and able seaman had a spark of genius as well as a taste for books. During his later years in the merchant service—perhaps it would be more just to say during all of them—he was serving quietly and even secretly his apprenticeship in craft more difficult than that of the sea. It is amusing (if idle) to speculate upon what certain of his contemporaries might have achieved in similar conditions. Most of them have come into literature by way of the hard drudgery of journalism—and boast of it. What sort of first book should we have had from Mr. Shaw or Mr. Bennett as the result of twenty years' silence and self-discipline in a lonely cabin, on the high seas or elsewhere? A different world of "Truth About an Author" here!

It was the right way for Conrad, who has never sufficiently grasped the modern English fashion, to profess contempt for his art. By what slow and laborious degrees the dim figure of Almayer took on form and color in his imagination, and at last found expression in printed words, his creator has described in "A Personal Record." "Almayer's Folly" was indeed the focal object of those reminiscences. It is a book for which, as his first-born, the author has a particular fondness; and for the reader no later book is more typical of him. It was a product of experience and of sore labor. Conrad's human figures are drawn, not from life, but out of life. Almayer had a real prototype whom Conrad had once glimpsed, dingy and stranded, in a Bornean backwater. The figure had its haunting significance for him, and came by degrees to embody in his fancy a type too familiar in the tropics, that of the decadent European, struggling vainly against the stifling and enervating influences of his unnatural environment. Kipling has recognized it, but unwillingly, and only as a disgraceful antitype of his conquering White Man—a squalid supernumerary in his drama of a triumphant (and British) civilization. It could not have occurred to Conrad, for his part, to attempt the rôle of spokesman for any race or set of conditions. He has seen much of the world, but he has mused and brooded upon the mystery of it instead of trying to reduce it to a formula. The doctrinaire is as strong in Kipling as the artist: in Conrad he does not exist.

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Mr. Galsworthy has asserted that Conrad is singular among novelists in possessing the "cosmic spirit," in realizing that "the little part called man is always smaller than the whole," that "nature is first, man is second." To this generalization an American commentator, Mr. F. T. Cooper, has rightly taken exception. The power of Conrad's stories lies, he says, in "their vital and tremendous human interest. It is quite true that he deals with titanic forces. . . . But everywhere and always his unit of measurement is man: man measuring his puny strength against the universe, and foredoomed to defeat; yet in his defeat remaining always the focal point of interest." This is excellent as far as it goes. The conquering hero of domestic or imperial romance plays a small part upon Conrad's stage, and plays it with indifferent success. It is the hapless struggle of man with the universe which lifts his imagination—lifts it clear of the mere unpleasantness of pathos, fairly to the plane of tragedy.

III.

But it is not a merely physical universe with which he sees man haplessly and tragically at odds. He does not choose to belittle nature with a capital letter. No one has more wonderfully painted the ruthlessness of seas and winds; for there he has seen nature at her tragic task. But these perils are not for the mass of men; to the deeper imagination they are graphic symbols of infinitely varied forces of destruction. On land also Nature in her tragic mood works towards her ends of pity and terror, by slow pressure of inescapable circumstance, by trivial turns of chance, by searching out the minute and hidden flaws in the hearts of men.

A little examination of Conrad's work as a whole shows how small a part in the essential action of the stories is played by physical nature. In "Typhoon," to be sure, the storm has something like a malignant personality, against which no human strength or skill is of avail. The vessel crowded with its helpless mortals is of no more significance than a chip covered with ants in a spring freshet. In "Amy Foster" the sea plays a crueller trick upon the sole survivor of its latest wreck than casting him upon a desert island. He is tossed up on the English coast—a young Slav with no speech but his own, unable to find out where he is, or to explain whence he has come, terrified, hunted, and finally starved: the sea is responsible for this. But in the greater number of these stories actual sea-disaster is of little account. To "Lord Jim" the bitter irony of his case lies in the fact that there has been no disaster, but only the fear of it.

Here is a situation so typical, a theme so characteristic, as to be worth rehearsing, despite its familiarity to many readers who know little else of Conrad's work. Here, at the outset, is a young Briton such as Kipling is fond of portraying, a healthy, charming, apparently normal boy. He is secretly of romantic temper, and has fed his youth on dreams of heroism. He is fond of imagining perilous crises, with himself at the fore, leaping into the gap, rescuing the helpless, going down with the ship. "He confronted savages on tropical shores, quelled mutinies on the high seas, and in a small boat on the ocean kept up the hearts of despairing men—always an example of devotion to duty, and as unflinching as a hero in a book." His first years at sea were a disenchantment, for after many voyages he had found much routine, and no openings for heroic achievement. Then a minor chance landed him in the post of mate in a decrepit old steamer in Eastern waters, laden with hundreds of Arab pilgrims. One night they scrape along a submerged derelict, there is a breach forward, and only a rotten bulkhead keeps the old ship afloat. Only the officers know what has happened. It seems a question of minutes; there are only boats enough to hold a handful of the passengers: Lord Jim finds himself, he hardly knows how, in a boat with the other recreants, leaving the doomed ship, with its sleeping freight. He is a ruined man. That the ship does not go down, so that his shame is brought home to him, is not the main fact. He has been false to his ideals; and the punishment which follows him relentlessly through the years is rooted in his own breast. So is that of Falk, who cannot win back to peace from the memory of a revolting crime. Akin, too, is the tale of "Nostromo," the adventurer who in a strange land makes himself honored and trusted, whose whole satisfaction in life lies in his sense that he is worthy to be trusted, and who is finally warped by circumstance and the single temptation to which he is liable, into a thief.

In another series of tales the tragedy lies in man's unequal struggle with unnatural conditions of climate and environment. "Lord Jim" itself belongs in a sense to this class, since the man was not really fit for the sea, never loved it for its own sake. So Almayer, by no means a weakling, is doomed to degeneracy under the influences of his Malay life. The poignant element in his tragedy lies in the failure of his stubborn attempts to marry his half-caste daughter to a white man, and so, in some dim but to him essential fashion, to make terms with fate. Again, in "The Heart of Darkness" we find, with the depths of an African jungle as the scene of his mortal struggle, a white man losing, one by one, the qualities which make life worth living for him.

IV.

If there is one element in human life upon which, more than upon any other, Mr. Conrad's fancy habitually plays, it is the element of pure chance. His own career, he tells us, was assured at the start by a bit of chance. His tutor had been at him for two years to give up his hopes of the sea, and had almost prevailed, during a memorable argument on top of the Furca Pass; when the grin of a passing Englishman brought sudden and decisive reinforcement to the weaker side: "His glance, his smile, the unextinguishable and comic ardor of his striving forward appearance, helped me to pull myself together." The argument went on, but the cause was lost forever. In the novels, chance—seldom coincidence in the vulgar sense, but pure casual occurrence—is continually asserting its power. If the weak heart of the Patna's donkey-man had not given out at a particular moment, Lord Jim would never have taken the fatal jump to ruin. If the bomb-thrower in "Under Western Eyes" had not chanced to possess a keen eye for the "easiness" of a fellow-student, he would have sought another asylum—and there would have been no story. It is not surprising that we should now find "Chance" taken as the title of his latest story.

It is decidedly the best of the Conrad stories which are not exclusively stories of the sea. But though part of the action takes place on land, and on English land, the whole performance has the right sea-flavor. One fact, to begin with, will endear it to a multitude of readers: it is told for the most part by the inimitable Marlow, the well-remembered chronicler of "Lord Jim." He winds into his subject with all his old subtlety and exhaustiveness, his gruff pretences of cynicism and his underlying passion of sympathy. Nowhere has Conrad achieved finer character-study than in this portraiture of the good and solemn "little Fyne," his excellent and ridiculous wife, and their unhappy "girl-friend," Flora de Barral. Young Flora is daughter of a swindler whose huge and complacent frauds have finally left him behind bars. The shock of his exposure, and other shocks which follow, are almost too much for the girl's mind; and she is rescued just in time by a Captain Anthony, who marries her and takes her off to sea. A misunderstanding keeps them for a long time "married in name only." Its ending is a happy one in all senses. For if, on a certain dark night, Anthony's mate, young Powell, had not happened to stoop for a rope three inches from the skylight of the captain's cabin—if that skylight had not chanced to be patched with a bit of clear glass—he would never have seen—what he did see; and

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the lives of a number of people would have been different.

V.

Winding into his subject, building his story as if at haphazard out of scenes and incidents rarely presented in consecutive order, is, of course, Conrad's method before it is Marlow's. Persons who insist on "a straight story," and who do not respond to subtleties of feeling or atmosphere, will make very little out of such a tale as "Lord Jim" or "Chance." But it is surprising what a large range of readers, some of whom would presumably be impatient of this writer's methods, yield to his charm. One may be impatient, but it is hard to put down such a story, once begun. The story-teller somehow manages to keep an even strain upon the slender line at the end of which the reader's attention may be straining or sulking. And in the upshot one feels how inevitable it has all been, how naturally, for this practitioner, the thing has been done. The subject, whatever its nature, appears then to have been not so much exhausted as illuminated from every angle. We feel always the dignity and restraint of the operator—his wise instinct to keep, even at the end, something up his sleeve.

But it is impossible to judge the substance of his work as apart from its style. Conrad was in his twentieth year before he knew a word of English. Less than twenty years later, he published his first book, and it was hailed at once as a masterpiece, in English. He has always been an artist, he has never put forth work representing less than a maximum of effort. Some seventeen years ago he expressed what has remained his creed as an artist, an utterance worth quoting for those who wish to understand the man and his work:

> It is only through complete, unswerving devotion to the perfect blending of form and substance; it is only through an unremitting, never discouraged care for the shape and ring of sentences, that an approach can be made to plasticity, to color, and the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the commonplace surface of words; of the old, old words, worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage. The sincere endeavour to accomplish that creative task, to go as far on that road as his strength will carry him, to go undeterred by faltering, weariness, or reproach, is the only valid justification for the worker in prose. . . . My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is before all, to make you see. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there, according to your deserts, encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand; and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask.

H. W. Boynton.

Literature

VILLON AND OTHER FRENCH POETS

"François Villon—sa Vie et son Temps" (H. Champion), by Pierre Champion, is a book about a poet much loved for his few verses that have survived and known scarcely at all as a person save for a few very human actions and passions.

Thanks to the stubborn effort of erudite contemporaries of our own, we know of François Villon's life as much as might be held entire in one page. His work is made up of one scholar's poem, the "Lays," and the "Testament," which counts only for 2,032 lines. . . . How can we help agreeing with Clément Marot's wise policy of ignorance in so uncertain and parlous a matter: "As to the industry of *lays* which he makes in his *testament*, to know it sufficiently and understand we should need to have been of his time in Paris and have known the places and things and men of which he speaks." . . . In spite of the seeming paradox, we who are four centuries away know more of him than Clément Marot did, though he came scarce two generations later. . . And so I have tried to walk with the reader through the Paris where Villon wandered, and point out the houses and particulars of streets and life which the poet mentions—that which a scholar of his own time would have seen in the great town. A journey of the imagination, if you will, but justified in whole and in part by documents.

The Preface details scrupulously the names and "effort" of students of archives like Gaston Paris, and Longnon, and Marcel Schwob, who labored to bring Villon out of the past so that "the only (French) poet of the Middle Ages read nowadays" might live for us as something more than a voicē. Pierre Champion has already exercised his own hand at bringing back Charles of Orleans, whose singing is known to readers of Longfellow, and, of course, to all that cultivate the *rondeau* or the *ballade*, by his book, published in 1911, that received the Prix Gobert from the French Academy. For a dozen years, ever since the preparation of his thesis at the Ecole des Chartes, our author has thus lived in the time which he reconstitutes for us here.

The first chapter goes back to the uncle who was chaplain in the very Parisian church, dependent on Notre Dame, of Saint-Benoît le Bétourné (St. Benedict-awry, or ill oriented); and in its cloister, where he had a house, he brought up by hand his graceless but not ungrateful nephew François, who wrote his thanks long after:

> *Item*, et à mon plus que père
> Maître Guillaume de Villon.

Childhood passes round these churches with their illuminating symbolism, with Bible and saints' legends and moralities. Next come the schools for his university degrees, what he studied being known from traces in his verses; university troubles, in which he was sure to bear his part; taverns, and games, and night-walkers; serenades, and wrangles, and the watch in chase; clerics, and men seeking filthy lucre, and prisons—roundabout the greater Paris, with all it had for a poet to see, and do, and suffer. This is matter for the first volume.

The second volume goes on to Villon in loves and murders, in the singing of *lays* and robberies, leading straight to a life of forced wandering far away amid brigand bands of Coquillards—spurious pilgrim "companions of the Cockle Shell." All ends with the "Testament" of the last years and repentance, if only there were time for respectable living—and, after death, the inevitable legend. Besides continual footnotes and references, there are 110 pages of multiple appendix with genealogies and documents; and the fine inset plates are themselves documentary. Each volume has its analytical table of contents; and, at the end of the second, there are forty-three triple-column pages of alphabetical index of names and things and old French words—a complete apparatus for the modern student who wishes to go deeper than the mere reader of delightful text:

> Though he was no "Master of Theology," Villon felt need to tell us he should be saved. A preacher of those other days like Michel Menot (a page from this Cordelier's simple sermon on the Prodigal Son closes the last chapter) would have thought so too. Without sharing their faith, it is impossible to appraise our poet's upsoaring and downfalling—our judgment is too rigid, our heart too dry. For us Villon remains an enigma.

Better, perhaps, than the author knows, his book establishes a canon of criticism for those, of other days and our own days, who, like Villon, "laugh in tears" and buy *remords de conscience*.

"La Poésie Française du Moyen Age" (Mercure de France), by Charles Oulmont, is a collection of original texts, with modern version and competent notices, of Old French poems from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, and thirty pages of literary introduction. It forms the opening volume, complete in itself, of an "anthology of French poetry from its beginnings to our day." It stops short before the coming of Charles of Orleans and François Villon, who will be taken up in the next volume on the poets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—from the ending of the Middle Ages to the French Renaissance. The passages chosen for the text have an interest of their own. Each is prefaced by a list of manuscript sources—for we are not yet at the age of printing—and

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the successive printed editions and commentaries. The first is "La Cantilène de Sainte Eulalie," the most ancient monument of the French language, and properly a *sequence*, that is, a short rhythmic poem sung at mass before the Gospel, between Gradual and Alleluia:

Buona pulcella fut Eulalia,
Bel avret corps, bellezour anima.

Narrative poetry has 100 pages, with twenty-five instances, such as the known "Chanson de Roland," the "Roman de Brut" of Wace, the "Death of Tristan and Yseult," "Aucassin and Nicolette," the "Roman de Renart," "Roman de la Rose," and several Fabliaux. Lyric poetry, apparently developing later, has also nearly 100 pages of Romances and Pastourelles, Bertrand de Born, Rutebeuf's "Complainte," and even Froissart, loved for his prose. There are twenty-five pages of dramatic poetry, with a Mystery of Adam and a Miracle of Notre Dame.

Sarcey poked fun at French examination papers in English schools demanding the feminine of the participle *resous*, which, he said, no Frenchman knows or would use if he did know—he himself did not know that it has still a technical use in pharmacy; but this rather adds point to his criticism. Our author frankly presents archaic French, but in morsels of good poetry which is always new; and it shows, moreover, how a people's life grows with its language and literature:

Main se leva la bien faite Aeliz;
Bel se para et plus bel se vesti:
Si prist de l'aigue en un doré bacin,
Lave sa bouche et ses oex et son vis;
Si s'en entra la bele en un gardin.

(Early in the morning, buxom Alice rises; Fair her looks and fairer still her dress: Pours out water in a gilded basin, Washes mouth and eyes and face; So the belle into the garden goes.)

"Comment il faut lire les Auteurs Classiques Français" (A. Colin), by Antoine Albalat, is a useful work for the methodical reader of French literature; and its methods might profitably be applied to English authors. It is not a book of extracts, but the work of a practical critic who has published books on "the formation of style by the assimilation of authors," on "the enemies of the art of writing," and another, one crowned by the French Academy, on "the labor of style taught by manuscript corrections of great writers." His present motto is from Montesquieu's "Persian Letters" and runs counter to anti-Humanist pretensions of our day: "It seems to me that till a man has read the old books he has no reason to prefer the new."

This book is neither a History nor a Manual of Literature. . . . I have tried, most of all, to study the workmanship and processes and originality of classic authors . . . I have avoided as much as possible the discussion of general ideas and philosophic considerations. . . . I try to explain in what the great talent of writers consists and how we can come to love those who have the reputation of being somewhat hard reading. Another thing is too neglected and I have thought it my duty to insist on it—the filiation, origin, and descendance of authors. . . . I wish to teach the love of literature—no ordinary thing. . . . Classic authors will always be the basis of all solid instruction, because they are the basis of all observation and human truth, and because it is they who reveal to us our own originality and teach us even to do that which is contemporary and modern.

The work reaches from Villon to Victor Hugo, taking those authors whose writings, in a language cultivated like the French, are literally "classic" because used in the classes.

"En lisant Corneille" (Hachette), by Emile Faguet, is a typical book of that full and exact and ready Academician:

I purpose, while reading the author chosen for the day along with my reader, to situate him in his time and in the particular world in which he lived; to make acquaintance with his temper and character, especially with what he has said about himself or let clearly appear; to grasp the particular nature of his genius and do this from the text itself; to avoid as much as possible general ideas and arrive at intimacy with the author and live, as far as may be, with him.

Intrepid M. Faguet announces eleven other authors, down to Victor Hugo, for future application of the same process—which gives pause for thought, remembering the immensely longer list of books, all readable and many important, already produced by this relentless reader and teacher and writer. Corneille should have a particular good word, for he has always been esteemed more conformable to English thought, and present currents seem setting back towards him.

"Alfred de Vigny" (Mercure de France), by Léon Séché, is a characteristic book of this indefatigable writer of anecdotal studies, from unpublished documents, of the history of the Romantics. This is his sixteenth work of the kind, all revolving round Sainte-Beuve, Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo, and the Cénacles, with many side-lights—and now this revived half-favorite of our capricious generation, Alfred de Vigny. The first volume deals with his literary, political, and religious life; and the second with what is labelled "la vie amoureuse," but including chapters on his mother and friendships as well. It is really a greatly enlarged rewriting of the first of all this author's researches in contemporary letters and gossip of the Romantic period; and he may well recall that, at the time, it was predicted historians would cut wood in his forest. Even so, he has had to reserve quantities of historical and critical notes on the separate works of Alfred de Vigny for the complete edition of them which he is now publishing:

How often, while writing this or that chapter, have I not said to myself: If Sainte-Beuve had known this letter and this document, what use he would have made of it! Surely, there was only he to understand how to uncover people and show their soul naked!

Those who seek understanding in such historical remains will find great value in the fifteen two-column pages of index of proper names.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Masks of Love. By Margarita Spalding Gerry. New York: Harper & Bros.

The lady-errant was to have been expected in this age of feminism. Why should not Dulcinea, as well as her lover, set forth in quest of adventure? But, of course, it is not romance that she seeks. Dulcinea is a college graduate, serious-minded, and thirsts for a knowledge of "real life." Be it life or death, as Thoreau says, we crave only reality. Marjorie Spofford is an orphan; her fiancé is studying abroad; she has a small income and can do as she likes. Without consulting her fiancé, or even notifying him, she decides to spend the year before her marriage in a search for real experience; and, of course, she seeks it on the stage. It is clear that such a story is intended chiefly for young persons who have an ambition like Marjorie's, but who are not so fortunately placed as to be able to realize it. In other words, here is what purports to be a slice of that ancient yet tempting apple which made so much trouble in the Garden.

It must be admitted in favor of the Serpent that he "delivered the goods." Not so much can be said for the author of "The Masks of Love." The story has about as much relation to reality as the old-fashioned Sunday-school book had. It is, however, readable, and calculated to give the young person the illusion that she is being enlightened. As usual, the method is a somewhat discreet exposure of the physical side of love. With what satisfaction will the ingenuous reader peruse such sapient absurdity as this:

Dimly she remembered words that some modern woman writer had written. . . . The idea was that love was a road lying between physical passion and spiritual emotion. A woman entered it by the gate of her spirit, and only sometimes travelled the whole road. With a man, it was passion which he knew first—and he did not always complete the journey. To-day this occurred

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to her as lying at the heart of her riddle.

"How true that is!" the gentle reader will say to herself.

Anthony the Absolute. By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Co.

When the musical scientist whose phenomenally delicate ear can distinguish eighty-one tonal intervals to an octave meets the woman gifted with a corresponding nicety of vocal pitch, there would seem to be a sufficiently novel story ready-made. Mr. Merwin, with whom the presentation of familiar American types against Oriental backgrounds is something of a specialty, has sent his pedant on a search for specimens of primitive Japanese and Chinese music with which to prove his theory, and for good measure has likewise set a bibulous and bloodthirsty husband to scour the China coast for the truant singer. He has even added, by way of an up-to-date garnish, a feminist problem and its solution. For Anthony, whose moral perceptions are no less refined than his aural sense, is the most enlightened feminist imaginable. To his ultra-sensitive conscience "to stop a woman's growth" by limiting her to the usual wife's sphere, is fully as abhorrent as a caveman's wooing would be to the average citizen. Is this the chivalry of the future wherewith shall be won the heart of the New Woman that Mr. Merwin, in the diary of his accurate, self-observant Anthony, has undertaken to declare unto us, slyly appending that the question of curtailing women's liberties can with perfect safety be left to the women themselves? Not that theories matter much in a bit of comedy lightly spiced with melodrama.

The Business of a Gentleman. By H. N. Dickinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A thoroughgoing British detestation of all the new-fangled notions that make the England of to-day so discouragingly unlike the good old England of several centuries ago speaks eloquently from these pages. Conflicting points of view on the social problem are shrewdly personified and made to serve as *dramatis personæ*. Right triumphs in the person of Bobby Wilton, Baronet, who summarily settles a strike, as he does all other questions of his life, by the fearless application of feudal principles. With Bobby's help the author demonstrates that what the malcontent workingman really feels the need of is the hand of a genuine, true-blue aristocrat to feed him and make him work and give him a beating on occasion. Consider the passionate servility of which the laboring class is capable. It is the point for which his race has been bred. Does not the presence of this quality postulate a ruling class—by natural law if not by divine right? Shall so-called labor leaders and crack-brained theorists deprive the helpless masses of their natural protectors? Shall female agitators and organizers and meddling supervisors of private morals and public affairs be permitted to achieve celebrity at the expense of the defenceless poor? Not while there are energetic gods in Olympus — like Bobby — and sweet, imperturbable goddesses like his lady wife, and mercurial imps of good family like his young friend, Eddie Durwold.

That part of the reading public that still thinks it worth while to regard G. B. S. as a menace to society will find in this book a rare treat, for, common as this kind of dogged prejudice is, it does not often find a spokesman who has the gift of wit and skilful persuasion. Most amusing to an American is the display of anti-feminist ardor. Mr. Dickinson includes a masterly study of one of the "deadly females"—a creature of really Satanic bloom. She is altogether the most significant contemporary specimen he has succeeded in catching, and he is far too clever a student of humankind not to make the most of her.

A GALLANT NAVAL OFFICER.

George Hamilton Perkins, Commodore U. S. N.: His Life and Letters. By Carroll Storrs Alden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Commodore Perkins was without doubt one of the most gallant and efficient of the younger officers of the navy who suddenly found themselves called by the outbreak of the rebellion in 1861 to positions of danger and of importance. One of the early graduates of Annapolis—at the foot of his class—he was a striking illustration of the ability of that school to take a raw country boy, who had never even seen the ocean, and to turn him out as capable a naval officer as any afloat. In many respects Perkins's early career was a close parallel to George Dewey's, but Perkins was the more distinguished when hostilities ceased. Both came of simple but sturdy New England stock, both were home-loving and of the stuff that yielded not at all to the temptations which wrecked so many capable men in the days of long and lonely cruises off the coasts of Africa, of Central America, or of other remote regions.

Thanks to his initiative and daring and partly owing to deserved luck, Perkins took a prominent part in three notable happenings of the war. As executive and pilot of the Cayuga he led Farragut's fleet past Forts Jackson and St. Philip and up to New Orleans, capturing at one time three of the enemy's gunboats and being the first target of the entire hostile flotilla. Next it fell to Perkins's lot to be one of the two officers who were the first Federals to land and demand the surrender of New Orleans, Capt. Theodorus Bailey being the other. There is no more thrilling episode in the history of the navy than the story of the appearance of these two unarmed men in the captured city. It has been often told, but never better than by an eye-witness, George W. Cable:

> About one or two o'clock in the afternoon (as I remember) I being again in the store with but one door ajar, there came a roar of shoutings and imprecations and crowding feet down Commons Street. "Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Shoot them! Kill them! Hang them!" I locked the door on the outside and ran to the front of the mob, calling with the rest, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" About every third man had a weapon out. Two officers of the United States navy were walking abreast, unguarded and alone, looking not to right or left, never frowning, never flinching, while the mob screamed in their ears, shook cocked pistols in their faces, cursed and crowded, and gnashed upon them. So through the gates of death those two men walked to the City Hall to demand the town's surrender.

After a long and weary service on the blockade of Texas, where three weeks might pass without the sighting of a sail—"it seemed," Perkins wrote, "like a living death to be on the blockade"—there came again a glorious opportunity, for the young commander, then but twenty-eight, was chosen by Farragut himself to captain the Chickasaw, one of the large double-turreted monitors, in the attack on Mobile. Here he acquitted himself with great gallantry to the entire satisfaction of his heroic chieftain. It was the Chickasaw, her captain fighting his ship from the top of the turret, which compelled the surrender of Fort Morgan and of the Confederate ram Tennessee, as attested by Farragut himself in these words: "Perkins was young and handsome, and . . . no braver man ever trod a ship's deck; . . . his work in the Chickasaw did more to capture the Tennessee than all the guns of the fleet put together."

After the war Commodore Perkins's career was as uninteresting as it had been eventful during the great conflict, and he was compelled to retire in 1891 because of failing health. Dr. Alden has drawn for his volume largely upon Commodore Perkins's home letters, of which most are excellent reading, direct and clear of style, and giving a pleasant picture of an honest and gallant gentleman. The author has on the whole done well with this memoir, but the last two chapters, bearing plain evidence of having been written to order, mar the book and should, if printed at all, have been

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preserved for family consumption only. A pleasing picture of Commodore Perkins as a twenty-three-year-old officer serves as frontispiece.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

The King's Council in England During the Middle Ages. By J. F. Baldwin. New York: The Oxford University Press. $5.75 net.

It is now just forty years since the first appearance of Bishop Stubbs's "Constitutional History of England during the Middle Ages." This still is, and probably will long remain, the best general account for the whole period; but the accumulation of printed sources in recent years and the increased and more easily accessible mass of manuscript material in the Public Record Office and in the British Museum have made possible, if not indeed necessary, a recasting of large portions of this monumental work. The present volume by Professor Baldwin, of Vassar College, is a distinct contribution to the history of the English Constitution in its formative period. While not departing in the main from the broad general outlines of the growth of the King's Council given by Stubbs, the author has presented a more detailed and intelligible account of that institution, and has shown in a clearer manner its relation to the entire system. He has corrected many misleading statements made by Stubbs and other writers and has elucidated many obscure points. The work supersedes the earlier treatises by Hale, Palgrave, and Dicey.

Mr. Baldwin dismisses the theory of origin during the reign of Henry III by the assertion that the King's Council "never had a point of beginning or initial organization. Its origin is found in the prevailing theory and practice of the feudal world, according to which the king, like any other lord, was accustomed to receive the aid and counsel of his vassals." The King's Council was not an offshoot, but the direct continuation, of the Norman Curia Regis, the vague, undefined, shifting body of counsellors, now contracting to a mere handful of household officials, now expanding into a general assembly of several hundred tenants-in-chief; a single, undifferentiated body, which, together with the king, exercised all the functions of the central government. This parent stem of the modern highly organized state was the product of the spirit of the Middle Ages, "its lack of confidence in individual initiative, and its distrust of individual authority." Much of the confusion and perplexity which characterize modern accounts of the origin of the English Constitution is due, in the author's opinion, not to the records themselves, but to a certain rigidity of modern thought concerning political institutions and a failure to appreciate fully the fact that the organization and functions of mediæval governmental bodies were in their very nature vague and undefined. Other writers have, indeed, observed these characteristics, but none have borne them in mind more consistently in their treatment of mediæval institutions.

Beginning with the single organ of the Norman state, the Curia Regis, Mr. Baldwin traces in an admirable and suggestive manner the gradual modifications of that body under the persistent assertion of royal prerogative against the disruptive tendencies of feudalism, in which it threw off department after department, and yet remained itself the formless, unrestrained King's Council. He abandons the well-known theory that these modifications were occasioned by classification of business, and advocates the theory that the changes were brought about by the introduction of new methods of transacting business. Thus the Exchequer was for a long time merely the Curia Regis, or King's Council, dealing with royal revenue according to a fixed routine; the Common Pleas was the same body trying certain classes of cases under the formulary system of the common law. In the course of time those portions of the Council, dealing with certain matters according to fixed rules, separated from the older unrestrained body, which might still and, in fact, often did attend to these affairs in its discretionary manner.

From the first there were two divergent elements in the King's Council: an inner, more or less permanent, group of royal officials, trained experts; and a larger, constantly shifting body of magnates, prelates, and feudal barons. The one tended towards bureaucracy and absolutism, the other towards limited monarchy. During the reign of Henry III the struggle was primarily between these two classes, rather than between Englishmen and foreigners. The struggle continued through the Middle Ages and resulted in a tendency to make more definite the organization of the Council and its functions. The barons were prevented, however, from realizing their purpose by their inability to provide a permanent body of magnates who were willing to sacrifice their personal interests and remain with the king or at Westminster.

A particularly good chapter is the one in which the author discusses the large variety of adjectives applied to the Council in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. He rejects the theory that those terms point to a series of concentric Councils with distinct powers, and concludes that they were employed by the writers of the age to express varying phases and to emphasize different qualities of the same body. He holds that the only vital distinction that had been drawn at the close of the Middle Ages was the one between Parliament and the King's Council; that the "great," the "wise," the "continual," the "full," and the "secret" Council were one and the same body, contracting and expanding as accident and the nature of business occasioned.

Under Edward I, Parliament was merely the Council increased by members of the three estates. Much of the constructive legislation of that reign was the work of the inner group of officials, approved by the estates whenever greater sanction was deemed advisable. The remark of a justice in a case in 1305, in which the interpretation of the Statute of Westminster II was involved, is significant: "Do not gloss the statute: we understand it better than you, for we made it." In the fourteenth century, when Parliament, the occasional meeting of the estates, had become a distinct branch of the government, the barons saw in the Council the chief menace to the limited monarchy, and made strenuous but only partially successful efforts to control the personnel and functions of that body. After the War of the Roses, the old barons were displaced by a new nobility, an aristocracy of service, willing to hold office and remain in attendance upon the king or at Westminster. The rehabilitated King's Council then became in a large measure an instrument of the royal will.

Mr. Baldwin has advanced many new views. While some of them will no doubt challenge criticism, it must be acknowledged that they are well supported, for the text, the footnotes, and a long appendix contain a large amount of source material, which for the most part has never before appeared in print. He sees in the Coram Rege of the thirteenth century the old shifting Curia Regis, or King's Council, acting with discretionary powers, and holds that it became the separate Court of King's Bench only at the close of the century, when it adopted the formulary system of the Common Law. He rejects the view of Madox, which has been generally accepted, that the Chancellor became the second man in the state during the reign of Henry III upon the disappearance of the Justiciar. He shows that under Edward I the Treasurer as frequently as the Chancellor was the acting head of the Council. It was only in the fourteenth century, through a struggle between the Chancellor and his clerks and the Treasurer and barons of the Exchequer, that the Exchequer became a separate body, one of the Common Law courts, with limited jurisdiction and fixed procedure. Many of the forms later employed by the Court of Chancery were used by the Exchequer while it was still in essence the old Curia Regis. The assumption that the early records of the King's Council be-

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gan during the reign of Richard II is, he maintains, due to a misunderstanding of the nature of the Council and the character of the early sources. But he minimizes what has long been considered an irreparable loss to the historian, the supposed destruction of the Council records, 1460 to 1540. While admitting that some were lost, he shows that there are many still extant, and attributes the dearth of records at the time of Edward IV to a pronounced decline in the importance of the Council during those years. Mr. Baldwin finds nothing new in the Court of Star Chamber under Henry VII except vigor and purpose. With its summary procedure and wide scope of authority it was the institutional continuation of the old Curia Regis, which ceased to exist except in its offshoots after the abolition of that court in 1641. The volume closes with the reorganization of the Council in 1540, when, according to Mr. Baldwin, the King's Council as a single institution properly came to an end.

AN OCTOGENARIAN IN HIS STUDY.

Goldwin Smith: His Life and Opinions. By Arnold Haultain. New York: Duffield & Co. $3.75 net.

This volume by Goldwin Smith's literary executor is supplementary to "Goldwin Smith's Correspondence" which Mr. Haultain published a few months ago. The "Correspondence" reached over the whole period of Goldwin Smith's life from his student days at Oxford until his death at Toronto; it supplies the best possible account, from his own careful hand, of his public life as professor, author, and journalist, and it also reveals the extraordinary vigor and keenness of his private opinions at a period when he was at the height of his powers, battling for unpopular causes which he ardently championed. The present volume depicts the octogenarian in his study at "The Grange" at Toronto. We see him reading, dictating, revising proof, and revising revisions with a meticulous care for commas which was the despair of his assistants. We hear his reminiscences before the fireside and the comments which his faithful Boswell, Mr. Haultain, jotted down from day to day between the years 1898 and 1910. There is the same downrightness of opinion and the same vigor of expression as in the "Correspondence"; but there is also an added note of bitterness. The policies which he advocated did not prevail. He did not devote himself to any one field of history long enough to write the greatest work on the subject. His largest success was as a journalist—a Bystander as he called himself—but even as a journalist his influence was too often ephemeral. The mention of Disraeli always roused a stream of bitter thoughts; for in "Lothair" Disraeli had made a thinly veiled sneer at Goldwin Smith as a "social parasite," "an Oxford professor who was clever and extremely well-informed so far as books can make a man knowing, but unable to profit even by that limited experience of life from a restless vanity and overflowing conceit, which prevented him from ever observing or thinking of anything but himself." This unfair slander Goldwin Smith never forgave, but it was not, as has often been imagined, in any way the cause of his leaving Oxford and England. Mr. Haultain shows clearly enough that Goldwin Smith resigned his Oxford professorship simply because he felt it his duty to care for his father, who had met with an accident which resulted in insanity. After his father's death, when his Oxford professorship was gone and he had no immediate occupation, he quite naturally accepted President White's invitation to come and assist in the building up of a new university at Ithaca.

Boswell did not always endorse the opinions of his chief. When Goldwin Smith reiterated his diatribes against the Boer War, popular democracy, or old-fashioned religion, Mr. Haultain jotted in his diary: "It is with difficulty that I maintain a frigid silence." Mr. Haultain is often given to moralizing in his diary himself when we would fain have heard more from Goldwin Smith. Nor is he always quite accurate. The eminent German theologian appears half a dozen times as "Harnac." But these are petty matters which should not obscure the devotion with which the secretary served his chief for years.

In addition to the jottings from his own diary which comprise the greater part of the present volume, Mr. Haultain has printed a few of Goldwin Smith's letters to C. E. Norton, and also a series of "U. S. Notes," which he found in Goldwin Smith's own handwriting among the papers after his death. They are the brief notes of a tour which he made in the United States in the latter part of 1864, and are full of interesting observations like the following:

[Boston] Mr. Norton came. Went with him to Shady Hill. Mr. Lowell joined us in the evening. Long talk about American and English politics, American manners, etc.

American servants, restless desire to better themselves. Compare the English. Ladies inclined to complain. Mr. N. not.

The effect of climate on the race. Mr. Lowell thought the race did not deteriorate. Large men in New Hampshire and Vermont, as well as in the West.

[New York] Want of highly trained statesmen. There are a thousand men as fit to be Governors of a State as the man who has the post.

No Sansculottes except the Irish in New York.

[Washington] Saw the President. His stories—The three pigeons. The manufacturing population. They would annex Hell as a market for their cottons.

BACONIAN CONTROVERSIES.

Studies in the Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon. By Gertrude Horsford Fiske. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

This book is one more attempt to find Bacon's name as author in the Folios of Shakespeare's plays. The cipher which the author pretends to trace in those volumes was actually understood by Bacon, and is explained by him in his "De Augmentis." When the real Bacon wrote a genuine bi-literal cipher message, he used in his writing (or printing) two alphabets, the letters of the first being distinct from the corresponding letters of the second. In a printed message the characters of the first alphabet may be conveniently named those of the a-font, the letters of the second alphabet those of the b-font. The decipherer of Bacon's genuine message wrote an *a* under each a-font letter, a *b* under each b-font letter, and divided the long succession of *a*'s and *b*'s thus formed into groups of five. For instance, *aabba* stood for G; *abaab* for K. The letters thus derived spelled the hidden message. If the a-font were Roman and the b-font italic, an example of Bacon's method would be the following, line (1) being what the sender wrote, line (2) what the decipherer wrote, and line (3) the hidden message:

(1)..... I *am* tired of *all* this *war*
(2)..... a ab ababa ba aab aaaa baa
(3)..... F L E E

In certain parts of the Shakespearean First and Second Folios, the author discovers differences in the printer's letters (no surprising phenomenon in those days of crude printing machinery); and pretending to decipher by the above method, reads statements from Bacon and his friends. We find four sharp distinctions between Bacon's genuine cipher in the "De Augmentis" and the author's, which in our opinion render the latter worthless.

To begin with, the a-font letters in Bacon's "De Augmentis" are so clearly differentiated from the corresponding b-font ones that a child can distinguish between them. In the examples of our Baconian friend these differences are seldom striking, and frequently, in our opinion, do not exist. The author herself says: "Were it not that the slight differences are consistent whenever the letter is used in the text, one might be tempted to say that they were imaginary." We are tempted to say that a difference which is imaginary in one case can be consistent in a dozen cases only by being consistently imaginary.

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The peculiar nature of the bi-literal cipher renders it untrustworthy unless the difference between the two fonts is clear in all cases. Since there are five letters in the document for every letter in the hidden message, a change of one of the five letters in the first will completely change the one character in the second. If the first four letters are clearly of the a-font, and the fifth is doubtful, the "decipherer" can begin his supposed hidden message either with A (*aaaaa*) or with B (*aaaab*). In other words, if one-fifth of the printed letters are doubtful, virtually every letter in the "concealed statement" can be changed at the decipherer's wish. If one-tenth of the letters are doubtful, the decipherer can arbitrarily change, on an average, every second letter in his deciphered sentence. If one letter among thirty in the text can be assigned to either font at will, the decipherer may be able in his derived statement to change a nonsense combination like *prknce* into such a significant monosyllable as *prince* (I being *abaaa*, and K being *abaab*). Yet our present author admits that in occasional cases the font is doubtful and is decided in the light of the context, and admits that many letters seem doubtful to all eyes except those of a Baconian.

In the second place, the writer's deciphered revelations, unlike the Latin of Bacon's real cipher, exhibit a great latitude in the matter of orthography. This may be in accordance with Elizabethan usage; but it enormously increases the possibility of finding English words as the mere result of chance. If we cannot make our cipher work with one spelling, we can always try another. In a single deciphered message (pp. 31-32) seven words appear in two different forms (sowe, sow; onely, only; penn, pen; be, bee; far, farre; gybe, gibe; Amy, Amie); and nearly thirty more which in modern English would end in *y* close at will with *y*, *ie*, or *ye*. Almost half of the words in the passage would allow of two or more spellings.

In the third place, the author gets around uncounted snags by a most astounding use of apostrophes. *Upo'* for *upon*, *inve'tion* for *invention*, *sla'drous* for *slanderous*, *answeri'g* for *answering*, *writi'gs* for *writings*—such are a few specimens. Then we have repeated abbreviations, such as *F.* or *Fr.* for Francis, *L.* or *Lo.* for Lord, *Qu.* for Queen, which are legitimate linguistically, but which, like the wide freedom of Elizabethan spelling, help one inestimably in making sense where no cipher was intended. We must remember that the apostrophes, periods, and capitals in the above are put in arbitrarily by the decipherer and represent nothing in the original.

Lastly, Bacon would certainly have given us clear and succinct English, not such grammatical anarchy as the following, which is a fair sample of the revelations throughout the book: "many old poems o' Sp. an' Sh. at a due time shew, mayhap, w'ch MSS. F. hid. But such nere won great praise—look'd, men now say, so faire, a subverti'g surrende' vainely should intrude. More pens did shine I find upon a veritable——," etc. Stripped of the capitals, periods, and abbreviations supplied by the modern Baconian, the first sentence of the above would read: "many old poems osp ansh at a due time shew, mayhap, wchmssf hid."

The tireless industry of so many Baconians has pointed out phenomena which seem to us merely chance combinations ingeniously juggled.

ESSAYS EX CATHEDRA.

The Lawyer in Literature. By John Marshall Gest. The Boston Book Co. $2.50 net.

The addresses and essays reprinted in this volume possess interest enough to warrant their reproduction in book form without the voucher of a third person, however distinguished. The Introduction, however, in which Dean Wigmore expresses his good opinion of the author, and discourses learnedly of the advantages to the practicing lawyer of a wide acquaintance with "the literature of the novelists," does the book no harm, and may win for it some readers who might otherwise pass it by. At any rate, we rejoice that neither author nor introducer has called the voucher a "Foreword."

Of course, the law and lawyers of Charles Dickens receive much attention. Judge Gest takes genuine delight in recounting the great novelist's experiences as a law student, and his many thrusts at the legal profession. At the same time, he is careful to call attention to the fact that Dickens was above all a caricaturist; and that his pictures of courts and lawyers are in the main sheer burlesques. He also points out that many of the evils of chancery, which were held up to a nation's scorn in Bleak House, had been abolished by Act of Parliament, before the novel was published. "Dickens, therefore," declares Judge Gest, "did not kill the chancery snake but only jumped on it after it was dead." Sir Walter Scott and Balzac fare much better at the hands of our author than does Dickens. Both, he says, were well-read lawyers and were impartial in their treatment of the profession. They could separate the evil from the good, and could contrast the upright and learned judge and lawyer with the trickster and the incompetent. The methods of Scott and of Dickens are contrasted in the following passage:

There is a vast difference between Dickens's treatment of law and lawyers and Sir Walter's. Dickens saw nothing good in either, and caricatured both. Scott, on the other hand, was an artist; he knew a thousand times as much about the subject as Dickens, and in his fair-minded manner, endeavored to give a just picture of it. But, naturally, the scamps of the law play a larger part in literature than their betters, for a good, well-behaved lawyer is in sooth a very prosaic individual. But a bad lawyer is such a picturesque villain that he is the stock character of every novelist and playwright.

Balzac is described as a "stand-patter" in law and politics, who believed in a constitutional monarchy and an intellectual aristocracy as the only fit lawmakers. He derided the *Code Napoléon*, for he deemed it the leveller of all class distinctions. Although his father was a lawyer and he studied law for a time, the dry details of practice were revolting to him, and he declined to follow his father's profession. However, he put his legal knowledge to frequent use in his novels, as Judge Gest takes great pains to establish in his instructive paper on this subject. The author reserves his highest praise for Sir Edward Coke, whom he acclaims not only as a great lawyer, but as a learned classical scholar, and as a writer of rare literary taste. No one can dispute Coke's marvellous mastery of the common law, though the use to which he put his knowledge was not always above criticism. Nevertheless, many readers of this volume will rise from its perusal unconvinced, we feel sure, of Coke's right to a seat among literary immortals. They will readily admit that his "writings abound with quaint, axiomatic, idiomatic, and pithy expressions." But they will not hesitate to question both the literary merit and the legal soundness of some of the quaint sayings selected by Judge Gest—for example, the following about a hogsty as a nuisance: "One ought not to have so delicate a nose that he cannot bear the smell of a hog."

EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

More About King Edward. By Edward Legge. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $4 net.

When Edward VII ascended the throne he was so intent upon pleasing in every imaginable way the beautiful woman who had shared his joys and sorrows for nearly half a century that, much to her satisfaction, he placed her in the position of an actual Queen-Regnant instead of a mere Queen-Consort. It was a charming manner of atoning for any *péchés mignons* which he may or may not have perpetrated during their long and happy married life. Queen Alexandra is endowed with such a beautiful, loving, and forgiving character that it took, and still takes, a great deal to ruffle it, and it is conceivable, to employ a homely phrase, that she has had more to put up with since her beloved consort's untimely death than

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during his life. This is the opinion of some who are not altogether ignorant of existence within royal palaces.

The above passage, taken almost at random, will serve to suggest the quality of this book. It is a sort of rider to the "King Edward in His True Colours" which was reviewed in the *Nation* about a year ago (April 17, 1913). That was bad enough. It gained a little dignity from its inclusion of extended tributes to the late King by men like M. Poincaré, Comte d'Haussonville, and the scholarly Vámbéry. In itself, as the original work of Mr. Legge, it was an absurd performance. Its chief source was in a pious wrath at the handling of King Edward by Sir Sidney Lee in the Dictionary of National Biography. Sir Sidney did not tell the truth to begin with (cried our champion), and in the second place, if it had been the truth he ought to have been ashamed of telling it. King Edward was not only a dead man, but a dead King, and "the legends woven by the people round their sovereigns ought not to be destroyed."

We supposed that Mr. Legge had, in his own opinion, polished off poor Sir Sidney pretty thoroughly, but he here returns to his bone. We will say bone. He acknowledges that, in spite of his disapproval, the Dictionary which has lent itself to the malicious purposes of the ignorant Lee may still be read—"continue to be patronized by club fossils and dipped into by the privileged persons who pass their lives in the British Museum." But "a museum is a fitting receptacle for it." One of the Lee canards which particularly enrages Mr. Legge is that Edward "was no reader of books," and "could not concentrate his mind upon them." Mr. Legge's refutation of this consists in the statements that the King was proud of his library at Windsor and would have visited it oftener if it had not been a mile away from his apartments; and that he was anxious to make his library at Sandringham "a feature of the house." To a very recent assertion in the *Times* that "it is well known that King Edward was no very devoted student of poetry," counsel for the defence devotes a chapter full of counter-assertions. The King—"Edward the Great" between these covers—"greatly admired and fully appreciated certain classes of verse." Mr. Legge is sure that he must have heard "We Are Seven" in the nursery; and obligingly offers to eat his hat if any one will prove that King Edward "had never read and re-read the 'Idyls,' 'Enoch Arden,' the 'Ode on the Death of Wellington,' 'The Brook,' 'The Princess,' 'Maud,' 'Crossing the Bar,' and many other Tennysonian gems." No doubt some venturesome spirit may be found to undertake the same feat if Mr. Legge can prove that the King *did* anything of the sort. The advocate's summary of evidence is too good not to quote:

It would be a reflection on his memory and his capacity for enjoying the deathless imagery of the great poets to suppose that he had not a fair acquaintance with the poems of Goldsmith, Cowper, Thomson, Pope, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Burns, Moore, Macaulay, Swinburne, Mrs. Hemans, and a score besides, not forgetting Dibdin, Tom Hood, Longfellow, Kipling, Praed, and Henley.

Notes

John W. Luce & Company include in their April list of announcements: "A Hand Book of Brieux's Plays," by P. V. Thomas; "Katya," by M. de Jessen; "Letters from La-Bas," by Rachel Howard.

"A Free Hand," by Helen C. Roberts, and "The Sheep Track," by Nesta H. Webster, are among the novels announced by Duttons for publication this month.

Longmans, Green & Company will publish shortly "Flight without Formulæ," by Commander Duchêne, translated from the French of John H. Ledeboer.

"The Influence of the Bible upon Civilization," by Ernest von Dobschutz, and "Life Histories of African Game Animals," by Theodore Roosevelt, will be published by Scribners this month.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces for publication on April 11: "Confederate Portraits," by Gamaliel Bradford; "Elizabeth and Mary Stuart," by Frank A. Mumby; "A Life of Tolstoy," by Edward Garnett.

THE *National Geographic Magazine* for March opens with an account of village life in Palestine, by John D. Whiting. Its peculiar merit lies in the light which it throws on the life of the people of Old Testament times. Many of the manners and customs which prevailed there then are still unchanged. How to attract birds to the vicinity of the house is graphically described by Mr. Frederick H. Kennard, with many interesting illustrations showing proper nesting sites. Mr. William J. Showalter tells what the "patient man of the microscope" has wrought in humanity's behalf in overcoming the tropical diseases.

NEW matter in "Bradshaw's Through Routes to the Chief Cities, Bathing and Health Resorts of the World" (London: Blacklock) includes mention of the latest archæological discoveries in Egypt of interest to tourists, details of the political and economic changes in South Africa, following the formation of the Union, and of the progress of the Cape to Cairo railway. Considerable space is given to the railway expansion of the last few years. The present edition is as remarkable as its predecessors for the multitude and the accuracy of its items, and the work is still without a rival as a single volume for the round-the-world traveller.

"ESSAYS, Letters, and Addresses on Physical and Social Vision" is the sub-title of Helen Keller's little book, "Out of the Dark" (Doubleday, Page), which contains hitherto uncollected magazine articles and addresses. These range from personal topics, such as "Christmas in the Dark," to so impersonal a theme as "The Message of Swedenborg." If Miss Keller is occasionally tempted to take up subjects a bit beyond her, she but falls into a common trap for writers, although one regrets the oracular tone that now and then creeps into her utterances.

"AT the age of seventy-seven, I begin to make some memoranda and state some recollections of dates & facts concerning myself, for my own more ready reference & for the information of my family." So begins, under date "1821, Jan. 6," the autobiography of Thomas Jefferson, destined to extend only to the year 1790. A reissue of this fragment (Putnam) contains the introduction prepared by the late Paul Leicester Ford for the Federal Edition of Jefferson's works and Ford's notes, a table of the chief events in Jefferson's life, and an engraving of Stuart's portrait, painted in 1805.

AN interesting chapter in the history of Boston is to be found in the Bostonian Society Publications, Vol. X. It is an account by Mr. Fitz-Henry Smith, jr., of the coming of the French fleets under Count D'Estaing and the Marquis de Vaudreuil to Boston during the Revolution, and the work done by the Frenchmen in the construction of fortifications at Hull and in the harbor. The despotic government of our ancestors is shown by Mr. F. E. Bradbury in his account of the laws and courts of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In 1634, for instance, "John Lee was whipped and fined forty pounds for saying that the Governor was but a lawyer's clerk, and what understanding had he more than himself. . . . Roger Scott was whipped for sleeping in church." Laws were also enacted relative to the style of women's hats and the width of the female sleeve. In 1646 it was enacted that "a stubborn or rebellious son, of sufficient years and understanding, viz., sixteen . . . shall be put to death." As authority for this legislation, they relied on the Mosaic laws.

THE third volume of Mr. P. S. Allen's "Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami" (Oxford University Press) includes the letters from July, 1517, to June, 1519, all of which, with a few exceptions, were written by or to Erasmus at Louvain during one of his quieter periods. "Totus, hoc est cum bibliotheca" (how beautiful the phrase!), he writes to George Halewin, one of his English friends, in August of 1517, "Louanium commigravi. Cum theologis altissima pax atque adeo necessitudo." The peace, however, was not quite perfect, and, indeed, Erasmus would scarcely have known how to adapt himself to so unwonted a state. His dear friend, James Faber, for one, had drawn him into an *odiosa disputatio,* in the course of which he had written to Faber himself, calling Christ to abandon him if he did not equally hate both the necessity of quar-

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relling and his own victory, "which all with one mouth attribute to me." Towards the end of this period, also, we see the beginning of the rift between him and Luther. In 1516 Luther had sought to obtain, through Palatinus, some information in regard to Erasmus's views on theology, and had expressed the fear that human things prevailed in him over divine; but the first direct communication between the two representatives of the radical and the conservative reformation is a letter dated from Wittenberg, March 28, 1519. Here Erasmus is "decus nostrum et spes nostra," and Luther is a fool to approach him so familiarly—he an unknown man, with his unwashed hands; but it was not to be always thus.

THE most interesting feature of these letters, as in the earlier volumes, is the spirit running through them, which was in due time to create the school of the literary wits; indeed, it would not be amiss to call Erasmus himself the first of that school. It is the spirit expressed in a letter to Brixius, telling him that they ought to aid in "syncretizing" those who have been initiated into the mystery of literature, since the "muse-haters" conspire together so odiously. It speaks again in a letter from Richard Pace, scolding Erasmus for wasting so much breath "ad istos asinos ad lyram placandos." It helps, also, to explain why Erasmus took no pleasure in the heavier humor and direct persiflage of the "Litteræ Obscurorum Virorum." Mr. Allen's work as editor shows the same enormous erudition and inexhaustible patience as in the preceding volumes; his notes and introductions are a treasure-house for all future scholars in this field. He might, we think, as an interlude in his more arduous task, or as an aftermath, perform a very great service to the literary world by issuing a fairly comprehensive selection of the letters with biographical intercalations. And if the connecting matter were written in a Latin approaching Erasmus's own marvellously fluid style (which Mr. Allen's long intimacy with Erasmus should render easy for him), the result might be a volume, or pair of volumes, of extraordinary value and unique interest.

IN Edward Hungerford's "The Personality of American Cities" (McBride, Nast), the reader will find a series of clever "stories" prepared according to the current recipe of magazine journalism. They are written fluently, jauntily, knowingly: we suspect that they have "the punch." There is not a little material in them, but any appearance of care in employing it has been successfully avoided. In case of doubt, they use the hackneyed phrase. A split infinitive is a mild liberty with this writer, he has an evident disdain for syntax in general; and when he lapses into furrin tongues, he produces such italics as *via sacre, table d'hôtes,* and *restauranteur.* But he has, no doubt, a hearty contempt for purism: the effect's the thing, and you can't "put it over" by writing like a book. These are not, and do not profess to be, studies of a philosophical or literary sort. They are excellent stories in the newspaper sense, and according to the newspaper standard—which is also the standard of our popular magazines. A good deal of pains has been given to getting them up, if not to setting them down, and the author has been successful in catching and conveying certain picturesque or salient features of some twenty-five American cities, including Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec.

TO undermine the tower of ivory and blow up the last great hereditary prince of the dilettantes emerges as the ultimate purpose of an exhaustive psychological study of Anatole France by G. Michaut, maître de conférences at the Sorbonne (Paris: Fontemoing). M. Michaut performs his task with the intimate knowledge and the half-regretful severity of a disillusioned lover, explaining and atoning for an infatuation of many years. Acknowledging the fascination of that intellect so fine, alert, supple, and curious, he pitilessly exposes its limitations: its discontinuity of intention, its lack of constructive force, its spectatorial detachment, its egoism and subjectivity, its subjection to the *tyrannie des souvenirs.* Turning, then, to the question of imaginative faculty, he declares that M. France's preoccupation with himself is highly unfavorable to invention; almost incomparably conversant with the arts and sciences of all times and places, Anatole France appears, when compared with Balzac or Dickens or Hugo, nearly destitute of "creative imagination"; investigation of his sources, his repetitions, and his recombinations proves his work to be a kind of superlatively brilliant *pastiche*—a triumph of learning and patient industry, rather than a fresh creation of a spontaneous and fecund genius. As for his taste, it is the expression of a temperament fundamentally sensual: of his art, his religious views, his loves, and his animosities, the tap-root is sensuality. In pursuing this theme M. Michaut displays at once his enchantment with the fairer flowers and his disenchantment with the root and the fruit. In the fall of the year he finds a rankness in the air and an odor of decay in the garden of Epicurus. At the end of a chapter illustrated by quotations of an exquisite and seductive grace, he puts the slughorn to his lips for this valedictory blast: "From the beginning to the end, with *nuances,* here more delicate, there more cynical, here more subdued, there more aggressive, his work is devoted *au Désir et à la Volupté.*" M. France, then, has a faith, such as it is; he has betrayed again and again the untenability of the skeptical dilettantism which he inherited from Renan. He struck the dilettante attitude, and deceived himself and the world for a long time. But, in accordance with a mysterious law of human nature, missing felicity because he sought it, he has lost his composure, and has been put out of his part; in the wrath and bitterness of disillusion, he has given way to raillery and derision and hatred, and has violently taken sides. In a second volume M. Michaut will exhibit M. France's "evolution." Meanwhile, he assures us that the experiment is conclusive: if M. France is one of the great men of dilettantism, he should be the last, and it should die with him.

IN "The Haskalah Movement in Russia" (Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society), Dr. J. S. Raisin describes the rise and development of what may be called the Russo-Jewish renaissance of the past fifty years. This period, which in its entirety is practically unexplored, seems to furnish a paradox in the history of culture. That under the pressure of social and political ostracism, so active and varied an intellectual movement could thrive, is at any rate a rare occurrence. The chapters which summarize the lives and chief tendencies of leading writers and scholars are told with sober discrimination and scholarly thoroughness. There is a refreshing absence of a certain exaggeration of which authors in this field are often guilty. The rapid growth of Russian literature doubtless had its influence on the Jew's intellectual life, despite his hapless position in the Empire. His exceptional treatment, however, instead of crippling his energies and producing torpor, aroused more keenly his mental powers. The volume is of interest to the thoughtful few who realize the importance of Russia in art, music, science, and literature; to the author's own special community it is an authoritative and attractive book.

A YOUNG American scholar, Dr. Julius Klein, of the University of California, and Harvard, recently discovered in Spain the long-lost archives of the famous Mesta, the ancient Spanish guild of sheep-owners, which bore many striking resemblances to our modern American industrial combinations. The Mesta was established about 1273, and was dissolved in 1836. Its archives had long been lost, until the *American Historical Review,* in its number for April, 1913, announced that, after many months of study and several weeks of research in different parts of Spain, Dr. Klein had found them in a room in Madrid, buried under years of dust. Since then Dr. Klein has been studying this hitherto unused source of material bearing on Spanish economic history, and his investigations reveal the presence of much valuable information concerning the ownership of land, the public domain, commons, forests, etc. The complete files of the minutes of the organization from 1499 and of its accounts from 1510 down to the nineteenth century, together with briefs and decisions of some 3,500 law suits in which it was a party from 1390 to 1790, form perhaps a unique collection of matter on the economic development of a country during the later middle ages and the early modern period. Dr. Klein has given an account of his find in the February number of the *Boletin* of the Real Academia de Historia of Madrid, where two of the oldest charters of the Mesta, with notes, are published, and others are to appear shortly in the *Bulletin Hispanique* of Paris. Dr. Klein is returning to the United States this spring, bringing with him some 350 photographs of the most important of these documents and a mass of other data and notes, when a complete history of the Mesta will be brought out, probably under the auspices of Harvard University, the preliminary work in Spain

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having been carried on by Dr. Klein as Woodbury Lowery and Sheldon fellow in economic history of that institution.

"A Civil Servant in Burma" (Longmans) is the modest title of Sir Herbert T. White's record of his thirty-odd years of labor in Burma, which saw him rise from a minor position to become Lieutenant-Governor of a province larger than France or Germany. Such a life is bound to be interesting, and Sir Herbert has the seeing eye and ability to describe personal adventures as well as political changes. He writes history as he saw it in the making, and his life-story has become a part of the history of the "fairest and brightest of Eastern lands." Incidentally, there are charming pictures of the philosophical, happy-go-lucky native, who will not mend his roof when it rains, because then he cannot, nor when it is clear, because then it does not need repair; who is reputed lazy, and yet works better than a coolie; who is called a coward, and yet chases a tiger and beats it after he has driven it off with a knife—or does this prove only that it is the Burmese tiger that is a coward? Some charming photographs illustrate country and town scenes, but the best picture in this attractive book is that of the broad-minded and tolerant Englishman sympathetically fathering his adopted country. We doubt whether any German or Frenchman could have written such a book, and wonder why any Hindu is eager to throw off so gentle a yoke.

Do you count on prowling about Rome and making the trip from Arezzo to the Eternal City in an effort to identify all the scenes in "The Ring and the Book"? You needn't. It has already been done by Sir Frederick Treves in "The Country of The Ring and the Book" (Cassell). A completer companion for the topographical student of that unique poem, or indeed for those who are not uncompromising Browning enthusiasts, it would be difficult to produce. The opening section gives the record of fact as it may be gathered from the various documents of that now celebrated case bound up in the Old Yellow Book. This is not the bare recital one might expect from its dry-as-dust source, but one colored by flickering lights of humor and variegated by an occasional quotation from the poem. There is also a closing section furnishing a strictly unimaginative commentary on the various actors in that bygone tragedy "as they appear in the poem." But the purpose and justification of the book are to be found in part two, which describes with admirable minuteness and thoroughness all the places associated with that oft-repeated story of crime. We learn of the church where Pompilia worshipped as a child, of the kind of house, though not of the actual *palazzo*, where she spent her brief yet too long married life. We even learn why she and her friend the priest left Arezzo by the San Clemente Gate rather than the Porta San Spirito, and see the very section of the city wall over which the two climbed. On account of Browning's fidelity to fact in his versions such painstaking identifications are not only interesting, but lend the characters a new and distinct reality. This contribution is enhanced by a hundred and six illustrations, nearly all of which are photographs "taken by the author for the most part at or about the actual date in the calendar on which occurred the episode with which the scene is associated."

Surely, no poetry has been subjected to such matter-of-fact and indeed intensely prosaic verification and identification. For all of it the lover of poetry, except in his idler, more curious moments, will have little occasion or yearning. He will follow the spiritual histories of the various personages who were bound together by the crime in the Via Vittoria on January 2, 1698, without troubling himself to discover whether the murderers first set foot in Rome in the Piazza del Popolo, or whether the moon was full on December 30 preceding. The play of motive and the changes of soul in the maleficent Guido or the guileless Pompilia will engage his attention. It is only when he has ceased to regard them as artistic creations, and begins to consider the figures in the sordid trial of the seventeenth century that the reader will turn to this exhaustive guide to the country of "The Ring and the Book."

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Simultaneously with its reduction in price, the London *Times* has made another great change. Its printing office has become a trade union establishment, thus leaving the *Globe* alone in the London daily press as a non-union paper.

Londoners have been assured recently by Sir Laurence Gomme, perhaps the highest living authority on the history of London government, that their city is steadily improving. Largely owing to the work of Norman Shaw, its general architecture is more artistic than it used to be. Nor will Sir Laurence allow the common indictment that Londoners are not public-spirited. Their public spirit, he thinks, takes so many forms that one is apt to lose sight of it. He notes a special advance in the recognition of health and disease as public matters. "No one is now entitled to have smallpox to himself."

A few years ago one could pick up for sixpence a "remainder" entitled "The Truth about an Author." It was a reprint—still anonymous—of a series of brisk and candid autobiographical articles that had appeared in the London *Academy*. Its author, Arnold Bennett, has now issued a revised edition of the book under his own name. Writing plays is probably much more profitable, for "The Great Adventure" has now exceeded its 400th consecutive performance at the Kingsway Theatre. Only twelve plays produced in London during the present century have equalled this record. One of them was "Milestones," which ran to 608 performances.

English actors, however, are confronted with an economic difficulty on account of the adoption by so many theatres—especially the small theatres of large cities and the large theatres of small cities—of the music-hall system of "two houses a night." Dramas have to be shortened in order to fit twice into the space of time between 7 and 11 P. M., and the curtailment is mainly done at the expense of the small parts in the cast, a much greater strain thus being thrown on those who play the large parts, to say nothing of the physical tax of more frequent changes of costume. For twelve or thirteen performances a week under this system, the actor receives no more than was formerly paid for six or seven. A "Pay for Play League" has been formed in order to seek remedies, and an attempt will be made to formulate the demands of the profession in view of expected intervention by Parliament. The Home Office is reported to be already considering the whole question of theatrical employment.

The plain-spoken Bishop of Châlons-sur-Marne has delivered against worldly dinners and parties a Lenten charge which tallies closely with some recent French novels. "While the common people sap their vitality by intemperance in alcohol, which is worse for the race than war, the rich too often seek in combinations of sauces and viands that excitement of incendiary gastronomy which corrupts the blood and awakens all sorts of fevers. . . . When the clergy are gone, the best-kept houses transform themselves into very free theatres. Light pieces composed expressly are played, with double meaning which indeed may escape young *ingénues*, but whose words are so many stimulants to the sophisticated. Gay songs alternate with talk of pleasure. And all ends with dances often most familiar, to which young people give all their legs and hearts into improper hours. . . . On the ruins of society in which religion ails and fails, Christians might have something better to do than that!"

Among the hundreds of Paris charities, one of picturesque name has just had a week's sale at its single counter in the Bazar de la Charité which replaces that burned with so great loss of rich women's lives in 1897. It is the "Ray of Sunlight for Young Girls." In the ten years since its foundation, this good work has paid the expenses of wholesome vacations for 2,500 working girls. In the same week there was a benefit night in favor of the good work of "Aid for the Maimed Poor." The Lycéum—a woman's club with a separate branch for Paris Americans—under the patronage of the dowager Duchesse d'Uzès gave an entertainment for the "Labor works of all the Dioceses of France."

Another art has been admitted of late to the annual exhibition of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, which was once known as the "New Salon" of Paris. It is Music—and it means that young or unrecognized composers have the opportunity of presenting their work to a jury and obtaining its public hearing, without expense to themselves. This section of the Salon is under the direction of Paul Viardot, who is the son of

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the great Malibran's sister and rival singer. He has a jury such as exists for painting and sculpture and the other arts. This year more than 200 musical works have been submitted to the jury, which has accepted 122 for execution by a chosen orchestra at the Tuesday and Friday concerts during the ten weeks' exhibition from mid-April to the end of June.

AT the meeting of the Académie des Sciences Morales in the first week of March, a notice was read of the philanthropic work of the late B. Altman of New York. It included a description of the art collection he bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum—and an analytical account of his profit-sharing foundation for his employees, with its novel reimbursement premium.

THE Société Nationale was founded in 1890 by Meissonnier, Puvis de Chavannes, Carolus-Duran, Besnard, Rodin, and others, who professed to open wide doors to youth and New Art. It has hardly gone beyond the brilliant close circle of its foundation in painting and sculpture; but the success of its section of Decorative Arts has forced a similar charitable opening of space to struggling artists on the official "Old Salon." The two exhibitions for some years have competed directly, as they take place at the same time at opposite ends of the Grand Palais.

THE Paris Municipal Council has always been open to new ideas, not only for the city's sake, but to encourage artists who give its character to Paris. A decorative experiment, which may be of great interest in the illumination of the modern city, is being tried in the Place de la Concorde, the largest open space in any European capital. There, as in the Champs-Elysées and the Grands Boulevards, a great part of the lighting is by "intense" gas lamps, which produce shadows as crude and unfavorable to architectural lines as the electric arc. At the entrance of the Place from the Rue Royale, the light falls on the two palaces which form the entire northern side. They were built with long colonnades by Gabriel before the Revolution; and one is now the Naval Office, while the other is divided between a fashionable club, the Automobile Club of France, and the Hôtel Crillon. At the entrance corners of the Place great candelabra have had their lamps fitted with ground-glass globes, giving a diffused, but still brilliant, light varying from opal to pearl. As a mere matter of convenience, the autobus stops in the long triple avenue up to the Arc de Triomphe had already been flanked with green lights. Paris may end with Athenian taste in lighting instead of the modern Babylonish glare.

WHAT the average man and woman think of the world around them is shown by the voting contest recently held among the readers of the *Matin* newspaper. Prizes to the amount of $130,000 were offered, ranging from $10,000 to a bicycle. There were forty of these prizes, to be distributed according to accuracy in guessing the seven wonders of the world to-day as decided by the majority of votes. First place was taken by the aeroplane, with 150,188 votes. The other wonders receiving a majority of votes for enrolment in the seven were, in order—wireless telegraph, radium, locomotive, human grafts (an echo of the interest stirred by Dr. Carrel's lectures in France last summer), anti-diphtheritic serum, the dynamo.

Science

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE SPECTROSCOPE.

Stellar Motions. By William Wallace Campbell, Director of the Lick Observatory. New Haven: Yale University Press. $4 net.

The stars to the ancients were all at the same distance from us, and all set immovably in a huge transparent hollow sphere of crystal, like jewels in a crown. Perforce they could not move: they were prevented from so doing by the solid continuity of their environment; so they were "fixed stars" palpably enough, and as such were passed along from one age to the next, till it was universally believed that any such thing as a stellar motion was absurd. Obviously, too, all this vastness of the celestial architecture was regarded as centred about the earth; and its stately progress through the night meant that the gods had so decreed it for human edification.

Except for the inconceivably great distances of the stars, every postulate of the ancient view of the stellar universe was totally wrong. Giordano Bruno, martyred by the Inquisition in 1600 for original scientific views, among them his doubt of the absolute fixity of the fixed stars; Hooke towards the end of the same century; Bradley, third Astronomer Royal; Lalande, and the elder Herschel—all held the firm opinion that, as the last said, "there is not, in strictness of speaking, one fixed star in the heavens; . . . there can hardly remain a doubt of the general motion of all the starry systems, and consequently of the solar one amongst the rest." Nevertheless, Halley early in the eighteenth century appears to have been the first to adduce positive evidence that a few stars, at least, do not remain motionless with reference to their neighbors; that they have, in fact, what he termed proper motions, small in amount, to be sure, but nevertheless detectable, even by the instrumental means of his day.

The attempts had been many to ascertain the distance of a star, but none had succeeded till Bessel, nearly a century ago, had found an appreciable parallax of Cygni; and Sir W. Herschel's earlier inference that the stars must be scattered through space at widely differing distances, led up to Maedler's erroneous hypothesis of a central sun, Alcyone, round which the stars, our sun among them, majestically wheeled, as the earth and other planets of the solar system are known to travel round the sun. Herschel, too, found many stars with attendant suns, binary systems, that is, the bodies whirling slowly round each other, but nevertheless plainly in motion. No other stellar movements were recognized until a little less than half a century ago, when the advent of the spectroscope, under the deft handling of Huggins, and later of Vogel and Keeler, proved beyond a doubt the swift motion in space of all stars and nebulæ, some advancing towards the sun, some receding from it; others puzzlingly approaching for a time and then journeying away from us, and yet others whirling swiftly round each other, but so close together that no telescope could be built powerful enough to separate them.

Professor Campbell is not in the main concerned with stellar motions of this character, determined after the manner of precision of the older astronomy, although his comprehensive work shows him thoroughly adept in regard to it. He has devoted his pages rather to the achievement of the spectroscope, of which he lucidly says: "The ordinary [telescopic] *point image* of a star is as if all the books in the University library were thrown together in a disorderly but compact pile in the centre of the reading-room: we could say little concerning the contents and characteristics of that library. The *spectrum* of a star is as the same library when the books are arranged on the shelves in complete perfection and simplicity, so that he who looks may appraise its contents at any or all points." To carry the simile a step further, by letting the books in orderly arrangement represent the spectral lines, the slight shifting of a line to the right or left seems to have signified little more to the early investigators than the misplacement of a book on the shelf. Doppler in Germany and Fizeau in France gave the first hint of this importance of the spectrum; Kirchhoff overlooked it; Clerk-Maxwell in England first presented it in definite form; and Huggins made the first attempt to measure these minute displacements of spectral lines. Professor Campbell presents in outline the mathematical theory of these line-displacements, and shows how the careful measurement of them is translatable into the star's approach or recession. In other words, the star's radial velocity, or motion in the line of sight, is ascertained; and over a thousand stars have been submitted to this very critical and highly significant measurement.

Professor Campbell presents briefly, though sufficiently, the history and development of the methods by which results of this character are alone possible: how the efforts of highly skilled observers in both Germany and England were baffled for a quarter of a century; how every effort of the pioneers was

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nevertheless an index to point the way of success to those who followed after; how Keeler, with the Lick telescope, gave us in 1890 the first trustworthy stellar velocity; how he followed it up with velocities of approach and recession of the great nebula in Orion and many faint planetary nebulæ besides; how Draper's stellar spectrograms of 1872 recorded spectral lines for the first time; how Pickering followed up the lead with vast amplifications at Harvard; and, finally, how Vogel and Scheiner at Potsdam proved the new photographic method to be so advantageous that visual measures were no longer even thought of. About this time, while Potsdam was waiting for new and ampler facilities, Campbell embraced the unique opportunity of a huge telescope on a high mountain in a serene atmosphere at an equable temperature, so to plan a spectrograph that it should yield a maximum efficiency in just one line of research. All tyros in spectroscopy should read his story of unremitting effort towards this end; how his design, ultimately successful, was "a bundle of fortunate compromises between a great number of conflicting interests."

We have little space for comment on Professor Campbell's treatment of visual and spectroscopic binaries. Pickering found the first binary of this intimate character in 1889, the star Zeta Ursæ Majoris, and Vogel the next one, Spica Virginis, which Baker has recently investigated fully. So distant is Spica and so close are the component stars of its system that a telescope of at least thirty times the power of the Lick glass would be needed to separate them. Beta Cephi, discovered by Frost, has the shortest known period of revolution, only four and a half hours. Over three hundred spectroscopic binaries are now known, and Professor Campbell presents a most interesting discussion of them:

> There is a possibility that the stars attended by massive companions, rather than by small planets only, are in a decided majority; suggesting at least that our solar system may prove to be an extreme type of system rather than of the prevailing or average type. This is not a casual and passing comment. We do not possess a shred of positive evidence that any other star than our own is attended by small planets; we seem powerless at present to obtain any evidence in favor of or against their existence; and the prevailing belief that planets exist in other systems rests upon analogy to the solar system. We *have* the evidence of visual and spectroscopic binary stars that other systems with two or more massive central bodies are extremely common.

The variable stars, whether short-period or long-period, are also considered, Professor Campbell regarding them as affording promise of great utility in solving the problems of origin of visual and spectroscopic binaries. Of Bailey's remarkable cluster variables, Professor Campbell thinks that, as the light fluctuations repeat exactly in time, we must be observing binary systems whose members interact upon each other in such a way as to vary their radiation output. The wonderful *novæ* are dealt with; but discussion is limited as far as possible to the bearing of radial velocity observations upon the interpretation of the phenomena of variables. Numerous hypotheses of the causes of variation are discussed. In the case of Cepheids and Geminids, for example, it is found that every star so far investigated attains its greatest brightness at or very near the time of greatest velocity of approach towards the solar system, and minimum brilliance at the time when the brighter star of the system has its maximum velocity of recession. Clearly, eclipses can have no part in the problem, and we can only be sure that the mysterious light variations are in some way connected with orbital revolutions in the systems themselves. Perhaps no other class of variables is more worthy of spectroscopic study; but the faintness of most of the uninvestigated stars of this type calls for greater optical power, such as only the huge reflectors of the future, as at Ottawa, Mount Wilson, and in Argentina, can be expected to supply.

The wide range of problems within the reach of radial velocity is admirably illustrated by the fact that such measures seem likely to provide an exceedingly accurate as well as simple and direct method of ascertaining the distance of the sun. Nearly a quarter century ago Professor Campbell wrote:

> By assuming the earth's mean distance from the sun to be 92,500,000 miles, which corresponds to a solar parallax of 8″.838, it is probable that the resulting orbital velocities (of the earth) will not be in error by more than 0.1 mile per second. There is reason to hope that the probable errors of spectroscopic observations will soon reach this low limit, in which case the problem will be reversed and the spectroscope will be used to *measure* the earth's orbital motion and thus to determine the solar parallax.

No less than two such determinations have been made in recent years, and their agreement with the geometric and gravitational methods of the older astronomy is gratifying.

In his chapters of studies of the stellar system, Campbell reaches many interesting conclusions. He finds that the scale of the universe of the brighter stars is a great deal larger than has been previously estimated; and more significant is his discovery that the progression of average velocity with advancing spectral type is clear and unmistakable: in other words, stellar velocities are functions of the effective ages of the stars. Our sun is, therefore, seen to take place as one of the slower moving and hence younger of the stars. The solar motion as discovered from stellar proper motions; preferential motion as in star streams; the distribution of the brighter stars; the possible slow rotation of our stellar system, are all considered, and these questions lead up to the central investigation of the volume, namely, the spectrographic determination of the solar motion. Here is found a masterly analysis of one of the greatest problems that have engrossed the human mind since the elder Herschel's first solution of it. Campbell marshals his unique collection of data in excellent geometric form, and makes a number of least square solutions on different suppositions. Through the timely aid of the late Mr. D. O. Mills in providing for the establishment and maintenance of an accessory station to the Lick Observatory in Santiago, Chili, Professor Campbell, with the able collaboration of Wright, Curtis, and Moore, was enabled to add the motions of stars of the southern sky to those of the northern, thereby rounding out his research to full completion. He finds that the sun and his family of planets are journeying Lyra-ward, at two-thirds the orbital velocity of the earth; sufficient to carry the solar system 560,000,000 kilometres in a year's time, or nearly four times the distance separating earth and sun. Does this bewildering inter-stellar motion of the sun take place in a regular curve, or in a straight line? Professor Campbell's judgment is that neither hypothesis fits the case; but that eventually the sun's path will be found to be composed of a succession of unrelated curves, owing to our journeying within the spheres of influence of other great stars one after another.

While Professor Campbell cannot be regarded as the Nestor of stellar spectroscopy, he is nevertheless a pioneer of the first order, and his book is a fairly complete summary of research on stellar motions, especially as determined by the spectrograph. His analytic development of the formulæ and methods of this new research will be found particularly welcome to students and investigators, and as such his "Stellar Motions" is certainly an epoch-making volume for which all astronomers will heartily thank, first, the author, and second, the Yale trustees who were empowered by the terms of the Silliman Foundation to engage Professor Campbell for that course of lectures which, delivered at the University early in 1910, formed the basis of this praiseworthy treatise. The index is ample and the volume is fully illustrated with diagrams, photographic spectra, and halftones of the observatories and instruments concerned, as well as with an exceptional series of portraits from Newton to Rutherfurd, and Herschel to Keeler.

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Drama

THE HIGHER MORALITY.

The Comedy of Manners. By John Palmer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25.

To the still-animated controversy between the artists and the moralists Mr. Palmer contributes a quite readable chapter concerned with the so-called comedy of the Restoration as represented by Etherege, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar. In our opinion, these writers are the favorites of nature and of fortune. They were witty themselves, and they have been the constant occasion of wit in others. They have been brilliantly praised and brilliantly condemned. When they are not enjoying a *succès d'estime*, they are enjoying a *succès de scandale*. They keep up an enlivening sectarian buzzing in the Temple of Fame. While dust gathers in the niches of the unregarded classics, they with each revolution of taste are challenged, taken down, aired, dusted, and crowned with fresh bays. No one can approach them without a glimmer or sparkle of inner or reflected light. Mr. Palmer approaches them as gravely as possible, and with solemn æsthetic convictions. He holds that they have fared badly—have been grievously, nay, even tragically, misunderstood. "That Leigh Hunt's edition of the comic dramatists fell to be reviewed by Macaulay," he says, "is one of the tragedies of literary history. Macaulay's review undid all that the best critical intellect of his time had achieved for the reputation of English comedy." Yet despite this lugubrious overture, Mr. Palmer's book fairly coruscates with the wit of Etherege and Congreve and Lamb and Hazlitt and Hunt and Meredith. And with a touch of the Restoration grace Mr. Palmer quotes on the title-page: "Your judge-wit or critic. . . . He rails at all the other classes of wits, and his wit lies in damning all but himself: he is your true wit."

Mr. Palmer "damns" all the wits who have considered moral judgment a part of literary criticism. For a some-time scholar of Balliol College he seems curiously informed as to the date at which critics began to apply the "moral test" to works of art. In 1698, as every one knows, Jeremy Collier published his celebrated "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage." He opened his attack with a traditional definition of the function of drama: "The business of plays is to recommend virtue and discountenance vice. . . 'Tis to expose the singularities of pride and fancy, to make folly and falsehood contemptible, and to bring everything that is ill under infamy and neglect." From this definition, argues Mr. Palmer, everything that Collier urged against contemporary stage plays logically followed; and, he continues, the attempts of the dramatists to defend themselves were foredoomed to failure, because they accepted "Collier's moral test." The "inflamed Puritanism" of that misguided clergyman, Mr. Palmer would have us believe, has vitiated English criticism to this day. Following Collier's lead, that inflamed Puritan Dick Steele also applied the moral test and condemned the tone of the Restoration comedy. So, too, did those inflamed Puritans, Dean Swift, Sam Johnson, Coleridge, Macaulay, Thackeray, and George Meredith. Judge-wit Palmer, as we have said, damns the entire critical jury, discharging them on the ground that they have applied "precisely the test which *no one before Collier had ever dreamed of applying.*"

A rather stunning tribute to the influence of that virulent non-juring clergyman! But we must protest that he does not deserve it. Collier did not go about to make an innovation in the principles of dramatic criticism. Though his tactics in the actual conflict were faulty, his strategy in the preliminaries was admirable. In setting up the "moral test" he appealed to precedents which his bitterest adversaries acknowledged to be authoritative. His definition of the moral function of drama was not accepted by Congreve and the rest because they had been hypnotized by Collier, but because it had been accepted by Boileau, Ben Jonson, Sidney, the critics of the Renaissance, and by those inflamed Puritans, Horace and Aristotle. They possibly remembered that not merely Prynne in his annihilatory fury, but also Sidney in his glowing defence of their art, had cried out on these "naughty play-makers and stage-keepers" who had justly made comedy odious, "even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by Aristotle . . . that they stir laughter in sinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous." They could extenuate their offence by showing that Collier had overdriven his point; but they could not exonerate themselves, what though the zeal of God's house had devoured some part of their prosecutor's good manners and civility. As Dryden admitted in his noble apology, "in many things he has taxed me justly."

Mr. Palmer reopens the case in an attempt to exonerate Etherege, Wycherley, and Congreve—Vanbrugh and Farquhar he allows were artistically and morally a little muddled. He wishes to restore to them the honors awarded by Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt, and ruthlessly torn from them by Philistine Macaulay. Now, Hunt was not very powerful as a theorist. Hazlitt confined himself pretty well to expressing his passion of delight in the perfection of literary craftsmanship—in the exquisite finish and flash of the comic dialogue and the sheer fineness of stroke in the character-drawing. And Lamb—well, Lamb had not Mr. Palmer's high seriousness. Poor Lamb, as Carlyle would say, had not heard of the "higher morality." Lamb, like "roguish" Pepys, indulged in Restoration comedy when he felt the need of taking "an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience." He accordingly invented his playful paradox that Restoration comedy is fairyland; and the able-bodied Edinburgh reviewer promptly demolished it. Macaulay argued that Wycherley's comedy, for example, was not fairyland, but did faithfully reflect the world he lived in; that the viciousness of this world passed the province of laughter; and that therefore Wycherley's laughter passed the province of comedy, and was bad artistically and morally. In other words, Macaulay confined himself rather closely to that part of literary criticism which discusses the *subject* of the artist, and he pronounced the subject unfit for art. Mr. Palmer denies the right of the critic to judge the subject. His argument, in a nutshell, is that, since Wycherley's comedy is a faithful reflection of the world he lived in, it is sound artistically and sound morally: "There is a higher morality than that of Jeremy Collier—a plane upon which Plato and S. Francis, Confucius and Elijah, may meet"—with Wycherley, presumably, and the other worthies of the Restoration.

This argument effectively disposes of the Puritans from Aristotle down, and there are indications that it is gaining ground among us. It has the superlative merit of justifying everybody's point of view. It puts public opinion quite out of court, and makes each artist advocate and judge in his own cause. He may be an anarchist, a sun-worshipper, or an eternal philanderer, but if he sincerely reflects philandering, sun-worshipping, and anarchy, he has produced good art and good morality. This is just the principle for which our democratic art has been seeking. One need never invoke it, to be sure, until one has transgressed the ancient common law of "honest civility." But it is very comfortable to fall back upon: in these days of naturalistic novels, slum-poetry, and medical dramas, one never knows when sincerity is going to call upon one to transgress. And it is not an entirely new principle, either. Robert Wolseley availed himself of it in 1685 in defending from Puritan onslaught the obscene juvenilia of Lord Rochester. Yet Wolseley himself, in the palmy days of the comedy of manners, admits that "wit" which offends common decency should be strictly reserved for the artistically elect. For Lord Rochester, he says, did not design his obscenities "for the Cabinets of Ladies, or the Closets of Divines, or for any publick or common En-

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tertainment whatever, but for the private Diversion of those happy Few whom he us'd to charm with his Company and honour with his Friendship." Fortunately, our democratic criticism is putting an end to that kind of artistic exclusiveness. We are at last beginning to recognize that what is good enough for the "happy few" should not be withheld from the masses.

"THE BELLE OF BOND STREET."

We have travelled a long lane since "The Geisha" was regarded as the rather degenerate heir of "The Mikado," and its contemporaneous musical comedies as the left-hand relatives of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera. Legitimate comic opera seems in these days an ideal so unattainable that we have almost ceased to hope for it, and we would be content if only managers offered us productions that were really musical, and were really comedy. How far we have departed from the standards even of the musical comedy of earlier days was exhibited last week in New York at the Shubert Theatre, where was presented "an up-to-date version of 'The Girl from Kay's,'" with Sam Bernard and Gaby Deslys as the stars of the production.

"The Girl from Kay's" was one of the earliest of the musical comedies that professed to deal lyrically with the adventures of a "girl" from somewhere or other. It possessed, of course, nothing of the wit and satire of the Gilbert operas, nor was it even comparable with "The Geisha," but it was bright and sparkling, with plenty of vivacity and movement, and it belonged to an era before musical productions of this order had succeeded in divesting themselves of all the trammels of plot. The up-to-date version has made laudable efforts to free itself from this latter reproach, and has further demonstrated its modernity by eliminating from the score the two numbers which contributed most to the brightness of the original. To compensate for what has been lost in the modernizing process, we have a young Frenchwoman who is undistinguished whether as actress, vocalist, or *danseuse,* but who wears a bewildering variety of millinery, and is known to receive an extravagant salary.

"The Belle of Bond Street," which happens to be the title selected for this production by its recording angel, is, in fact, typical of the present tendency of musical comedies, in which everything is subordinated to the purely physical features of the production. In an effort, apparently, to emulate the spectacular features of the French *revue,* all idea of legitimate comedy, with a coherent plot, is abandoned, and its place is not taken by the satire on contemporary events and personages which redeems the *revue* from mere vulgarity. In favor of "The Belle of Bond Street" it must be said that the chorus is above the average in capacity and in training, and that Sam Bernard is more amusing than many comedians of his type. Furthermore, it is undeniable that just at present this is exactly the sort of thing that a considerable section of the public likes; but there is a ray of hope on the horizon—the department stores have also begun to display millinery to the accompaniment of music, and their productions are free.

S. W.

NOTES.

"The Red Light of Mars" (Mitchell Kennerley), by George Bronson Howard, published in the modern drama series, is an exceedingly clever skit, in which a number of old theatrical ideas are employed with notable ingenuity. It is not only very amusing reading, but is admirably adapted to effective dramatic representation. Although in the nature of extravaganza, it deals vigorously and satirically with many questions of present interest and tells a good human story. Into the details of this, as the piece is to be tried on the stage before very long, it is not necessary to go now, but it abounds in comical and emotional situation. The good angel of it is our old friend the Devil, who now figures as a benevolent agent engaged in the work of preparing mankind for ultimate translation to a loftier sphere of existence in Mars. The personages include a brilliant young chemist, who believes himself on the verge of the discovery of the secret of immortality; a multi-millionaire, who would bribe him to devote his science to mere money-making purposes; an anarchic Socialist who believes in bombs as the sole means of social regeneration; a cultivated widow who loves the millionaire, but will not marry him because she detests his business principles and methods, and her daughter, a frivolous, selfish girl, who refuses to marry the chemist, who worships her, unless he will abandon philanthropic experiment to earn money to keep her in fashionable luxury. When the chemist calls upon the Devil for aid, the complacent fiend—who is compelled on earth to occupy a human body—effects a general metempsychosis. He himself becomes the chemist, puts the chemist into the body of the anarchist, and the anarchist into that of the millionaire, whose disembodied spirit is condemned for a season to flutter disconsolately in space.

The nature of the misunderstandings, consternations, and self-searchings arising from these transformations may be imagined. Mr. Howard weaves them most dexterously into the action of his plot, and freights his whimsical notion with a plentiful ballast of common-sense. All the sufferers profit by their startling experience. The millionaire realizes that labor has its rights, and capital its duties, and thus wins the hand of his widow; the anarchist is awakened to the iniquity and folly of his ways, and is rescued from the police, and the chemist is made happy by the conversion of his charmer into a loving and devoted woman by the masterful conduct of the Devil while tenanting her lover's shape. Plentifully endowed by the repentant Crœsus, he is at liberty henceforth to work for the benefit of his fellow creatures. As serious drama the piece necessarily suffers by the serio-comic use of the supernatural element, but this is employed only as a means to situations which otherwise would have been impossible, and is fully justified by the excellence, literary and constructive, of the workmanship. Properly played the piece ought to attract much attention.

Sudermann's latest play, "Die Lobgesänge des Claudian" (Cotta; Lemcke and Buechner), reminds one in a general way of his "Teja." Germans in contact with Romans, and the moral triumph of German *Treue* supply the subject-matter. It may be safely predicted, however, that the new play will never be the success that its admirable little predecessor was. It is dull reading, and must be tiresome on the stage, for the author has not even employed his customary theatrical devices to arouse a momentary interest. The devolopment of the motive is feeble, and attention is divided between the real hero, Stilicho, and the titular hero, Claudianus, the last of the Roman poets. German critics have perhaps in these later years been unduly harsh towards Sudermann, who, after all, has not himself changed so much as has the general standpoint. His reputation, which seemed to flare up a little on the production of "Der gute Ruf" a year ago, will now smoulder lower than ever. If he wishes to recapture public favor, he should return to the writing of fiction. Even "Das hohe Lied" was preferable to the present drama. Your reviewer on finishing the play was moved to turn to Gibbon, and read again chapters 29 and 30 of the "Decline and Fall," where the same events are narrated. He is grateful to Herr Sudermann for having given him at least that impulse.

It is not often that pieces written by amateurs for amateurs contain anything worthy of publication or serious critical notice, but there is undeniable talent in the ten "Short Plays," by Mary MacMillan (Stewart & Kidd Co), written for the Cincinnati College and Cincinnati College clubs. Some of them, though well enough adapted to their professed purpose, have no distinctive quality, but there are four or five which arrest attention. They are somewhat crude and sketchy, but have variety, imagination, and descriptive facility. "The Shadowed Star" is a tenement-house study, with a picture of a woman, broken with years and suffering, cheered on Christmas Eve by hallucinations of a coming feast in the company of her long dead sons, while her daughter lies dying of want at her side. It is a striking bit of work in which realism and fancy are cleverly blended. With skilled actors, and a little judicious editing, it might be made very effective. "The Rose," an Elizabethan story, in which a gallant young knight bids temporary farewell to his love, at the behest of the virgin queen who is jealous of her, is prettily told in blank verse, always smooth and occasionally poetic. "The Ring," a farcical comedy of the same period, if not very happy in its imitation of the ancient speech, is full of action and simple fun. "Luck," a miniature four-act comedy, in which a materialistic young doctor offends his sweetheart by

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his disbelief in the virtue of the charm which she has bought for him, and thereafter encounters all sorts of misfortune until he is converted, is amusing both in dialogue and incident. In "A Modern Masque," Miss MacMillan, greatly daring, makes Poetry and Drama the champions of Shakespeare, when he is threatened with deposition by Bernard Shaw, and endows them with sharp weapons of sense and satire. In "The Gate of Wishes," an episode on the afternoon of Hallowe'en, she shows imagination and metrical grace. In all the pieces there is more of promise than of actual achievement, but the natural gifts revealed are of a kind that merit recognition and encouragement.

The Abbey Theatre Company, of Dublin, will be at the Court Theatre, London, for their annual visit during June. The repertory of the company will include several new plays, besides old favorites. At present the "first" company is touring in America, under the direction of S. Lennox Robinson. It has played in Chicago and the Middle West, and is to go thence to Canada, returning home in May, in time to keep engagements in Oxford and Cambridge. The "first" company has with it most of the "second" company as understudies; but the Abbey Theatre is not on that account closed. Lady Gregory, with a third company, has produced a new play by a new writer, Mr. Edward McNulty's three-act comedy, "The Lord Mayor," besides St. John G. Ervine's one-act comedy, "The Orangeman," which was new to Dublin.

Music

A MUSICIANS' GUIDE.

The World's Best Music. Edited by Arthur and Louis C. Elson. New York: The University Society.

Volumes IX and X of "The World's Best Music" constitute an independent work, which bears the subtitle "The Musician's Guide." There are original articles by the editors and others, and reprints of a number of excellent papers that had previously appeared in periodicals. The first seventy-five pages will interest all students of the piano who would like to go to Europe to study with the most eminent piano teacher of the time, Theodor Leschetizky, but cannot afford to do so. These pages contain an excellent translation, by Arthur Elson, of the exposition of Leschetizky's personal views made by his pupil, Malwine Brée, and approved by him. It is the only authorized treatise explaining his method—the method which helped Paderewski and nearly all other great pianists of our time to attain their eminence. There are many excellent things about Leschetizky's method in a biography of this great teacher written by Annette Hullah and published by John Lane; but that is a purely literary treatise, while Mme. Brée's work includes many illustrations in musical type, together with forty-seven pictures of Leschetizky's hand in various positions.

Paderewski, the most eminent of Leschetizky's pupils, contributes a few pages of "Practical Hints on Piano Study." It is interesting to note that he still recommends Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum." Czerny is also in his list, as are, of course, Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord" and the études of Chopin. He cautions students against making their work too easy, "idling away hours in passing agreeably from one thing to another." T. P. Currier has an article on Paderewski, in which he says that that pianist practices with the keenest mental oversight of the smallest details. "He aims constantly to get the most out of every movement, every tone, and every minute spent in practicing." The question as to whether Paderewski "pounds" is also considered. Other famous pianists and their achievements are reviewed by Arthur Elson.

To the violin similar attention is given in a series of papers, and then come the singers, headed by Caruso, who talks about his voice and his singing. Another great favorite, Clara Butt, contributes a most readable paper, in which she warns against the folly, in which so many singers indulge, of having their tonsils cut. She gives some curious information about her singing in full voice while under the influence of ether. On the subject of singing in English, she naturally has decided opinions. Her great success is due in large measure to the fact that she can use her native tongue as musically and intelligibly as the great Italian, German, and French singers use theirs. One day the eminent teacher, Mme. Marchesi, said to her: "English is beautiful when sung like that." Talks with other singers—Olive Fremstad, Marcella Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, Bonci, and Campanari—are contributed to this volume by William Armstrong. Mme. Sembrich believes that the opera of the future will unite the best of the earlier operatic features with the Wagnerian reforms. Schumann-Heink, who deserted the operatic stage some years ago for the concert hall, maintains that concert-singing is really much harder because the artist does not enjoy the advantage of all the operatic accessories that help to move an audience.

Among the many more articles in these two useful volumes are "Making a Singer," "The Mandolin, Guitar, and Banjo" (which need not be sneered at, for they are taught in the leading music school of this country, the New England Conservatory); "Bands and Small Orchestras"; "The Art of Conducting"; "Choir Training"; "Municipal Music"; "Programme Music"; "Contemporary Music"; "Edward MacDowell" (with a discussion of what constitutes Americanism in music); "The Art of Organ Playing," etc. In this last-named article the eminent English organist, Edwin H. Lemare, has some remarkably sensible suggestions on the use of tempo rubato in playing Bach and other composers. The author also considers the subject of orchestral effects in organ playing. The last part of Vol. XII is taken up with concise dictionaries of musicians and musical terms.

Heretofore the most remarkable feats of juvenile composition have been Mendelssohn's overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," written when he was seventeen, and Schubert's "Erlking," written when he was eighteen. If Erich Korngold's "Sinfonietta," recently conducted in Berlin by Nikisch, is really as remarkable as some of the critics declare, it is even more precocious, for Korngold was only sixteen last year when he composed it. It is likely to be found, however, that, while Korngold surpassed both Mendelssohn and Schubert in the mastery of technical difficulties, he is far beneath them as the creator of new melodies. The mastery of technical difficulties is a good thing up to a certain point, but just at present it has degenerated into a disease.

Operatic managers in German cities are not allowed to get too rich, as may be inferred from the following information sent by August Spanuth from Berlin to the New York *Staats-Zeitung:* "News comes from all directions that the 'Parsifal' performances are profitable. At Halle the manager was forbidden by the city authorities to charge festival prices after the first three performances had put 20,000 marks profit into his pocket. That, the magistrate opined, was sufficient for him, and made it obligatory on him to let the citizens enjoy 'Parsifal' at the usual rates of admission."

The founder of the Chassevant system of musical education, Marie Chassevant, died a few weeks ago at Geneva, Switzerland. She had received medals of distinction at exhibitions in France, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium; her method was adopted by Royalty in Russia; while her books have been translated into English by Miss Marian P. Gibb, of Edinburgh. The aim of the Chassevant method, says the London *Times,* is to teach not merely musical technique or musical theory, but also how to listen appreciatively and intelligently. First, ideas of time and rhythm are taught by means of a fairy-story, or rather a series of fairy-stories, which form the basis of a kind of game played by the children, and by which abstract musical notions are personified and materialized. In order to develop the child's activities Mlle. Chassevant invented her "Musical Compositor," consisting of an ingenious system of movable signs by which the children are enabled to "write" music and to make "pictures" of the musical sounds they hear. Here again the constant desire of the child to be "doing something" is catered for.

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Art

THE JOHNSON COLLECTIONS.

A Catalogue of a Collection of Paintings and Some Art Objects. Vol I, Italian Paintings by Bernhard Berenson; Vol. II, Flemish and Dutch Painting; Vol. III, German, French, Spanish, and English Paintings. By W. R. Valentiner. Published privately in 300 copies by John G. Johnson, Philadelphia.

Ordinarily, privately printed catalogues do not come within the scope of the *Nation*, but in the present case the collection is so remarkable and the catalogue of such scholarly worth that an exception should be made. This gallery of about a thousand old masters and two hundred modern represents more than thirty years of keenly individual selection. Most of our great American collections have been assembled through a few dealers or advisers, Mr. Johnson has done his own buying. For many years he located and landed his pictures in completest privacy. Then, some dozen years ago, rumor began to divulge the contents of the modest mansion on South Broad Street. The collection became a place of pilgrimage for critics and amateurs of all sorts, the owner dispensing an unflagging and generous hospitality to all persons genuinely interested in his treasures. Naturally, the merry war of attributions began, and has continued briskly. The appearance of this catalogue should at least produce an armistice.

Mr. Johnson has planned his catalogue with the wisdom that has guided his collecting. The ample quarto form is sufficient to contain plates of good scale and offers under the care of the Gilliss Press a dignified and sightly page, but the volumes are practicable without the use of a lectern. Again, superfluous catalogue features have been sternly repressed. Obviously, where photographic facsimiles are at hand, the usual lengthy verbal descriptions serve no useful purpose. Moreover, indications of provenance are rarely given, though reference to literature or to the opinions of critics is freely made. The work of cataloguing is in the hands of two experts of highest competence. Everything has been planned for use, and nothing for show. As regards literary proportions, the catalogue is a kind of happy mean between the old catalogue of the J. P. Morgan pictures and Dr. Richter's voluminous lucubrations on the Ludwig Mond collection. The editors treat their respective portions quite individually within the general scheme. Dr. Valentiner is more punctilious in giving material and bibliographical minutiæ; Mr. Berenson is more personal and suggestive.

Mr. Berenson has never written more happily than in this catalogue. His terse notes, often witty or ironical, give the right fillip to the imagination. They go far to suggest the mood in which each picture should be enjoyed. It is a difficult form of comment, but worthy of study and emulation. This is not the place to weigh the new attributions. Enough to say that Mr. Berenson has gone far beyond the wont of cataloguers. Such new lists for minor artists as are presented under Francesco di Gentile da Fabriano and the Master of the Castelle Nativity are very interesting. The identification of a very early Sebastiano del Piombo, which reveals his dependence on Cima, is very important. Naturally, your reviewer dissents from a certain number of the new ascriptions, but is unwilling to be contentious except in the case of the remarkable Miracle of Christ ascribed to Masaccio. In this we can only see a ruined original from Masaccio's early time, the necessary prelude to the frescoes of the Carmine. Mr. Berenson's relegation of this important piece, which is described by Vasari, to the school, seems to be based on bad color, weak drawing, and shaky values, all of which are plainly chargeable, not to the artist, but to old and recent restorers. The architecture is drawn by some one closely associated with Brunellesco about the year 1419, when he was designing the Florence dome. No mere helper or plagiarist of Masaccio is likely to have had such facilities.

A few of the more important Italian pictures in the Johnson collection should be enumerated. Besides a monumental Pietro Lorenzetti, there is a full representation of the fourteenth-century schools of Florence and Siena. In the fifteenth century are such names as Antonello da Messina, Fra Angelico, Giovanni Bellini, Cima, Montagna, Botticelli (no less than five examples), Cosimo Tura, Crivelli, Matteo of Siena, Carpaccio—all represented by superior examples. In the sixteenth century the finest pictures are by Fra Bartolommeo, Lorenzo Lotto, Paolo Veronese, Palma Vecchio, Tintoretto, and Moretto of Brescia. Of such delightful aftercomers as Tiepolo and Guardi there is a sufficient display. The Italian pictures comprise some three hundred numbers, less than a third of the whole.

But the strength of the collection lies in the Northern schools. Besides remarkable examples of Jan Van Eyck, Rogier de la Pasture, the Maître de Flémalle, Thierry Bouts, Memlinc, Gerard David, Paliner, and Metsys, there are numerous school pieces even more alluring to the expert. The German and French primitives are also well represented by such masters as Schongauer, Cranach, and the Maître des Moulins. When we reach the later masters they come in groups. Old Bruegel, Adrian Ostade, Jan Steen, Adrian Brouwer, Rembrandt are thus exemplified in many phases. There is a magnificent group of those color sketches in which Rubens most fully reveals his genius. Of the brothers Camphuysen, unduly neglected painters, there is a remarkable representation. That most exquisite of Dutch masters, Vermeer of Delft, is present in an engaging example. If one were to select the most attractive items from the Northern groups, a good choice might be the profoundly serious Van Eyck, St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata, the lovely Rembrandt, The Finding of Moses, and the Rubens studies as a group. Dr. Valentiner's portions of the catalogue lack the picturesqueness of Mr. Berenson's, but atone somewhat in solidity. In many cases Dr. Friedländer has also passed on the pictures. In general in these Northern schools documents and signatures are common enough to give an objective basis for *expert*. Thus the attributions are surer, and possibly the game of attributing by so much less delectable. At any rate, all the advantages of zest remain with the Italian editor. We may note in passing an unusual bit of iconography that has escaped Dr. Valentiner's notice. The Virgin and Child of the South French school, No. 759, is not surrounded by angels, but by six of the seven Christian and pagan Virtues, she herself with her Divine Son impersonating the highest virtue, Love. Excellent Goyas and Grecos and a magnificent group of no less than twelve Chardins may be mentioned in closing. There are in all nearly 500 pictures of the early Northern schools.

In any but the Johnson collection the modern pictures would loom large. To admirable examples of David, Ingres, Delacroix is added a very complete display of the masters of Barbizon. Corot is splendidly represented in every aspect. Manet, Puvis, Bastien, Dagnan, Monet, Degas, Sargent, and Whistler testify to the catholicity of the collector's taste, but there are no cubists or post-impressionists.

From the point of view of art history, this is the most complete and important gallery in America, whether public or private. It is understood that on terms to be adjusted it will eventually be given to the city of Philadelphia. That city would be shortsighted indeed which should boggle over the conditions of such a gift. It is consonant with the magnanimity with which Mr. Johnson has conducted his collecting that this fine catalogue, which brings constant surprises even to those who know the pictures well, has been freely distributed to such institutions and individuals as may make the best

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use of it. This offsets the usual regret that works of high scientific worth should not to a certain extent be offered for sale, even when their auspices are private.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, who died on March 31, was born in Bavaria of humble parentage in 1849. He passed several years of his early boyhood in the United States, to which country his parents had immigrated, but in 1857 the family returned to Europe and settled in England. Sir Hubert received his early education in art at Munich and in the South Kensington art schools. His rise to celebrity was rapid. He became a contributor to the *Graphic* in 1866, and his picture, After the Toil of the Day, was hung in the Royal Academy in 1873. His best-known work, The Last Muster, was exhibited in 1875. It was possibly as a portrait painter that Sir Hubert achieved most distinction, but he was an artist of extraordinary versatility. He worked in oils, in water colors, in black and white, and in enamels; he was an etcher, an architect, a decorator, a designer of scenic effects for the theatre, the inventor of a process of engraving, a musician, and a composer. In 1883 he founded the school of art at Bushey. He was an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford and Fellow of All Souls, and for nine years, from 1885 to 1894, he held the Slade professorship of fine arts at the same University. Sir Hubert was the recipient of numerous decorations, was a member of various artistic societies, and was created a knight in 1907.

Finance

THE RAILWAY RATE CASE.

The comment of the average careful reader of the news on recent developments in the Interstate Commerce Commission's hearing of the rate case would probably be that the subject had been plunged into impenetrable confusion. On Tuesday, April 2, the Commission announced that the order as to rate charges on short links to industrial plants, which had been a complicating consideration, had been suspended, with the hearings on it, until a date which carried the question over to next autumn. On the same day, immediate hearings were granted to the Eastern railway officers on the general question of their petition for a 5 per cent. increase in transportation rates. This seemed to mean an earlier date than had been expected for the decision, which lately was believed to have been put off until July.

A few days before these announcements by the Commission it had become known that shop and track forces, on the Pennsylvania and New York Central, had been reduced respectively 35,000 and 25,000 men from the high mark of the autumn. The Commission's action was in part ascribed to the situation thus presented. But at the opening of this week the chairman of the Iowa Railroad Commission, who was at Washington as a witness, gave out a statement plainly intimating his opinion that these reductions in working forces had been made for the purpose "of browbeating this [the Interstate] tribunal," and that they "simply proved the colossal power of a few men, that can throw 40,000 poor families out of the means of daily sustenance."

On Wednesday, the same two railways published their February statements, that of the Pennsylvania showing 12 per cent. decrease in gross receipts from 1913, with net earnings only one-fourth last year's, while the gross of the New York Central decreased 15 per cent., with net less than one-fifth of last year's figure. Unusual snow blockades accounted for much of the very bad comparison, though it followed other unfavorable monthly statements, and yet these very figures were in turn followed by announcement that two United States Senators were about to denounce, from the floor of the Senate, these tactics of the railways, and that one of them (naturally Senator La Follette) had in mind a bill making it a penal offence to exert pressure on the Interstate Commission. As if to make the confusion of the case complete, the president of the New York Central, when questioned on the stand before the Commission, testified that, except for 1910, last year's net corporate income over all fixed charges was the largest in his company's experience, whereas the president of the Pennsylvania, next day, showed that, while property investment in his railway during the three past years had increased $207,000,000, net operating income during the same period had decreased $11,000,000.

Out of this strangely discordant body of views, opinion, and evidence, the Interstate Commerce Commission has to render its decision. To unprejudiced observers, the only plain facts appear to be, that working expenses of the railways have been increased through award of higher wages by the arbitration boards; that the margin of profit in a year of actual depression, or in a season of floods and snow blockades, has grown very narrow; that railway financing has become more difficult because of the close margin constantly reached between earnings and expenses; and that, since rates are fixed on an even scale for all competing roads, the affairs of the most unfavorably situated road must be the basis for such decision. How the Commission itself is leaning, is naturally a matter of which no information whatever can be had. The persistent belief, both at Washington and in observant outside quarters, that an advance in rates will be granted to the railways, is probably based on the considerations just set forth.

Of the fact that the business public generally has become interested to an exceptional degree in the outcome of this appeal for higher railway rates, there can be no doubt whatever. Few trade reports and few forecasts of the industrial markets fail to contain some reference to the influence of uncertainty over the "rate decision." On the Stock Exchange, which sums up all such influences, it has grown to be a commonplace of belief that no "turn in the market" will occur until the case is decided.

It is probable that the inferences, based on this view of the general situation, are exaggerated. They have their most plausible ground in the case of the steel trade, where orders from the railways make up a great portion of total consumption, where such orders have been extremely small since the beginning of the year, and where it is assumed that the railway buying will not be resumed until the rate case is decided. But there is another basis for the interest of the business community in the decision. The case at issue has been generally accepted as a test of the practical operation of Government regulation of industry—a supervision whose constantly wider extension is at least a subject of debate in Congress. If the Interstate Commerce Commission's supervisory power over railway rates is exercised in such manner, or under such delay, as to cause serious embarrassment to the enterprises, unfavorable inferences of broader application are sure to be drawn.

With all these not wholly unreasonable misgivings as to the Interstate Commerce Commission, there is one fact always to be remembered. Unrestricted rate-cutting, with the decimation of railway profits and the resultant disappearance of dividends, if not of solvency, was an almost invariable sequel in the half-dozen years which followed our older panics. It is at least in part the Interstate Commerce law which has prevented such results on this occasion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, W. J. Panama and the Canal. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Annales de la Société J. J. Rousseau. Genève: Jullien.
Bailey, L. H. Standard Encyclopedia of Horticulture. Vol. I. Macmillan. $6 net.
Brady, C. T. The Sword Hand of Napoleon. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Bridger, A. E. Minds in Distress. Boston: Luce. $1.35 net.
Brininstool, E. A. Trail Dust of a Maverick. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Bülow, B. von. Imperial Germany. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
Campbell, O. J. The Comedies of Holberg. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon. Modern Dancing. Harper. $1.25 net.

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Duncan, F. My Garden Doctor. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Frank, T. Roman Imperialism. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Frenssen. Jörn Uhl. Ed. by W. Florer. Heath. 90 cents net.
German Classics, Volumes IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX. German Publication Society.
Gilbreth, L. M. The Psychology of Management. Sturgis & Walton.
Gissing, G. Books and the Quiet Life. Portland: Mosher.
Grant, A. In the Old Paths. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.
Gregorovius, F. Siciliana. Trans. by Mrs. Hamilton. London: Bell. $1.60 net.
Gregory, J. Under Handicap. Harper. $1.35 net.
Guest, G. A Social History of England. London: Bell. 40 cents net.
Hart and Sturgis. Chin Hsing in China. Missionary Society.
Hayward, R. Letters from Là-Bas. Boston: Luce. $1.35 net.
Hillis, N. D. The Story of Phædrus. Macmillan.
Hobart, M. E. J. The Great Trail. Missionary Society.
Hoffman, J. Piano Playing. Doubleday, Page.
Hood, Mary G. For Girls and the Mothers of Girls. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Hosford, H. The Forerunners of Woodrow Wilson. East Orange: Record.
Humphries, P. W. The Practical Book of Garden Architecture. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Jefferys, W. H. James Addison Ingle. Missionary Society.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia. Richmond.
Lake English Classics: Kidnapped, by R. L. Stevenson. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. 35 cents net.
Lord. History of Dartmouth College. Concord: Rumford.
Loria, A. The Economic Synthesis. Trans. by M. E. Paul. Macmillan. $3 net.
Mannix, M. E. In Quest of Adventure. Benziger.
Marett, R. R. The Threshold of Religion. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Mathewson, Christy. Pitcher Pollock. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Münsterberg, H. The Americans. New Edition. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Parrish, R. Shea of the Irish Brigade. Chicago: McClurg. $1.30 net.
Pinchot, G. The Training of a Forester. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Porter, M. T. Billy. Portland: Mosher.
Randolph, C. F. Education and Not Instruction. Plainfield: American Tract Society.
Schnitzler, A. Viennese Idylls. Boston: Luce. $1.25 net.
Schriften der Wheelergesellschaft. Volumes I, II, III. Berlin: Weidmann.
Scollard, C. Sprays of Shamrock. Portland: Mosher.
Scudder, V. English Literature. Yonkers: World Book Co.
Sloane, W. M. The Balkans. Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.
Somerville, H. B. Ashes of Vengeance. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.
Steinhardt, I. D. Ten Sex Talks to Girls. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Stephens, K. The Greek Spirit. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.
Stillman, W. J. Billy and Hans. Portland: Mosher.
Strong, A. H. Popular Lectures on the Books of the New Testament. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland. $1 net.
The Practice of Christianity, by the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia." Macmillan. $1.25 net.
The Writings of John Quincy Adams. Ed. by W. C. Ford. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Tomlinson, E. T. Captain Dan Richards. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland. $1.25 net.
Veblen, T. The Instinct of Workmanship. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Verrill, A. H. Harper's Book for Young Gardeners. Harper. $1.50 net.
Walk, C. E. The Green Seal. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Ward, H. F. The Social Creed of the Churches. Eaton & Mains. 50 cents net.
Waterloo, S. A Son of the Ages. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Wedekind, F. Princess Russalka. Trans. by F. Eiseman. Boston: Luce. $1.25 net.
Wells, H. G. Social Forces in England and America. Harper. $2 net.
Whittaker, T. P. Ownership Tenure and Taxation of Land. London: Macmillan. $3.75 net.
Whittingham, H. That Farm. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.
Winterburn, F. Principles of Correct Dress. Harper. $1 net.
Wu Ting-Fang. America. Stokes. $1.60 net.

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